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LETTERS

FROM

ELIZABETH SOPHIA DE VALIERE

2733

TO HER FRIEND

LOUISA HORTENSIA DE CANTELEU.

VOL. II.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

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FROM

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LOUISA HORTENSIA DE CANTELEU.

BY

MADAM RICCOBONI.

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LETTERS

FROM

ELIZABETH SOPHIA DE VALIERE

To her Friend

LOUISA HORTENSIA DE CANTELEU.

PART SECOND.

LETTER XI.

Paris, September 25, 17**.

ALAS, my dear, what trouble, what sorrow is in a moment diffused thro' a family where peace and tranquillity reigned but this morning: the strangest accident alarms us, makes us apprehensive for my Lord Lindsey's intellects, nay even for his life. Without the least previous warning of any disorder in his mind, or alteration in his health, after a long swoon, a frightful trance and delirium, and the most dreadful agony! weak, low, dissolved in tears, he

has juſt quitted Malzais, in order to return home. Monſ. de Monglas accompanies him; he will not forſake him in this cruel ſituation.

A very aſtoniſhing circumſtance adds to my emotion on this occaſion. The papers requeſted by Monſ. de Monglas, were delivered to me as we roſe from table. I gave them to him; he received them with joy, thanked me for my complaiſance, went immediately into his cloſet, and ſent to deſire my Lord to come to him. He was reading theſe papers to him in the inſtant when that ſudden and unlooked for diſorder obliged him to break off his reading, and call for aſſiſtance to his friend.

What ideas ſtrike me.—But that is impoſſible! How ſhould this adventure, written by Madame d'Auterive, and which happened ſo many years ſince, throw my Lord Lindſey into ſuch a ſwoon, and call forth his groans and tears?—What connection could thoſe two unhappy ſtrangers—His heart is tender; he is an Engliſhman; poſ-

ſibly the fate of his unfortunate countrymen may have moved his ſympathizing ſoul—But then that long fainting fit, ſuch regret, ſo many tears! poſſibly he might know them? —Hortenſia, what ſhould I think—What! can chance have diſcovered?—I know not whether I ought to wiſh it: I reflect with a kind of terror on the emotions of Lord Lindſey when I was firſt ſeen by him. I believe I told you of it, my features ſeemed to awaken ſad and cruel recollections in him. —It is now midnight—Monſ. de Monglas was to write, to ſend one of his people; the Marchioneſs ſtill expects him—I hear a carriage—It is he, it is the Marquis—My heart beats—I leave you, my dear, I am going down—

Two in the morning.

Never had the unfortunate Sophia more need of your pity. Great God, what a blow hangs over me! What have I been told? What fatal ſecret is concealed in Lord Lindſey's boſom! It is too true, the packet of Madame d'Auterive was the cauſe of his accident. Oh, *theſe unfortunate men were no ſtrangers to me*, repeated he ſeveral times to

Monſ. de Monglas. He trembled whilſt he ſpoke it. But, my dear, what aſtoniſhes and alarms me, he *cannot, will not ſee me more. He will never*, he ſays, *look on the ſad orphan whoſe exiſtence he knew not of.* Hortenſia who am I then! do I owe my being to ſome vile raviſher? Can I be the offspring of ſome mean woman's ſhameful weakneſs? Could it be an incenſed brother, a wronged huſband, whoſe hand pierced the heart: alas, of whom—Was the avenger of the crime, a relation or brother of Lord Lindſey?—What tumultous ideas! Monſ. de Monglas cannot clear them up. As his friend, ill, overwhelmed with inexpreſſible grief, beſeeches him to leave him to himſelf: he has promiſed to reveal to him all his ſecrets, when his mind, grown more calm, will allow him to ſpeak or to write. The Marquis imagines that my mother muſt have greatly intereſted my Lord; but can form no ſure conjecture of the nature of that attachment.

After having wiſhed for a whole year to be made acquainted with my own ſtory, muſt I now tremble in expectation of a diſ-

covery, a thousand times begged of heaven by my most ardent prayers. Amiable, dear Germeuil, I was in hope that such a discovery might draw me nearer to thee. Pleasing ideas often flattered my heart, in these moments, when reason, no longer waking, leaves the imagination at liberty to create smiling images, and to amuse our desires by sweet illusions.—My Lord Lindsey *will not, cannot look on me more.* How these few words trouble, and terrify me.—With what contempt, what horror must those two unfortunate persons inspire him, since their unfortunate end could not extinguish his hatred, since the unhappy child taken from their grave, renews and incurs his aversion, his disdain.—Oh, my dear, I am humbled, I am indeed, and that from the bottom of my soul.

Twelve at Noon.

One of Monf. de Monglas's servants is returned from Lord Lindsey's. He could not speak with him. John, his valet de chambre, with mournful looks, and bathed

in tears, told him his maſter had a little fever, with a violent agitation of his ſpirits, and his heart greatly oppreſſed.

Oh my tender friend, pity me, comfort me; the moſt bitter ſorrow is mingled with my fears, with every emotion of my ſoul.

LETTER XLI.

MY hand can hardly hold the pen: I tremble, I ſhudder at the miſfortunes I may poſſibly be the cauſe of—Will the perplexity of my mind allow me?—Hortenſia, my fears were but too well grounded. Monſ. de Germeuil, who has been for ſome days eight leagues from Malzais, at the Count du Roure's, informed of the report of the neighbourhood, thinks that dazzled with Lord Lindſey's fortune—He! my dear, He think!—He leaves me this inſtant, he ſets off enraged—Oh the ungrateful man! how came he not to read in my heart?

Awaked

7 to 18 Page Missing In Book

tune. The desire of securing it to his family, determined him to marry his only daughter to his nearest relation. She was destined for me from her earliest childhood. I was brought up with a view of being sent to Carolina, after I had finished my studies. But the death of my elder brother somewhat disconcerted this project, and my father's entirely broke it.

Sir William could not disapprove of his niece's reluctance to part with a son, who was the only surviving one out of a numerous family. Lady Denby would neither part with her daughter, nor quit her native country to follow her. Notwithstanding these obstacles, Sir William, prepossessed in my favour by an advantageous character that had been given him of me, still had at heart the accomplishment of his first design. His wife died. Being now at liberty to dispose of his daughter and fortune, he determined on his return to England with immense riches: he was on the point of setting out with Miss Denby, when a malignant fever robbed him of his daughter, the object

object of his most tender affection. The same ship which was to have conveyed him to his native country, brought us the news of that sad event, and his letters proved to us how much he was affected with it.

The grief of this unfortunate father, filled my mother with the most tender compassion: he desired with great earnestness to see me; he resolved to *make the intended husband of his daughter his heir, he would have lamented her in his arms, and have died pressing to his bosom the man who was to have made her happy.* Time had robbed him *of his relations and friends; he was going to expire alone, in a foreign land: his weakness, his dejection would not suffer him to cross the seas; he would soon mingle his ashes with those of his unhappy daughter*; he conjured my mother in the strongest expressions not to deny him that consolation which he promised himself from her friendship.

The fear of hazarding the life of a darling son, made my mother hesitate, till tenderness and pity determined her; she consented

fented to the voyage, and I fet out. I had a favourable paffage, but heaven did not vouchfafe Sir William the fatisfaction he had fo ardently defired. On my arrival at Charles Town, the place of his refidence, I learned with forrow, that the death of the venerable old man, beloved and refpected all over that city, had filled it with tears and mourning. Upwards of a month before my landing, he had breathed his laft. My arrival made the tears flow afrefh from the eyes of all who had lived long under his protection, and the advantage of being his relation, gained me the moft favourable reception from all the inhabitants.

Sir William's will confirmed my title to his fortune: I was put in poffeffion of all his effects; the order and regularity in his affairs made mine eafy to fettle: after a two months ftay in Charles Town, I might have departed, if a tender remembrance, fatal to the happinefs of all my fubfequent life, had not made me defire to fee Sir Edmund Nefby, an old friend of my father, whom I could

not but remember on account of his merit and misfortunes.

Being obliged to abandon his native country, he had been wandering eight years unknown through all our colonies, in dread of meeting a powerful enemy, too much offended ever to pardon. A man, formerly attached to Sir Edmund, informed me, that having loſt his wife in Virginia, he had lately quitted his dwelling there, and then actually reſided at Beauford, two or three miles from that charming habitation. As he was become ſullen and unſociable, he avoided company. This ſame man likewiſe told me that ever ſince his exile, he had lived ſolitary and unhappy.

Indeed, how could he do otherwiſe, in a ſituation ſo different from that I had ſeen him in? Being the only ſurvivor of a noble and very ancient family, notwithſtanding the ſmallneſs of his fortune, his brilliant qualities and ſuperior talents gave him a title to look up to the higheſt poſts in the

kingdom: he actually enjoyed one which opened a way to the greatest, when he had the imprudence to quarrel with the son of a powerful minister of state, to fight him, and to fill a family, in high favour at court, and beloved and respected by the nation, with mourning, sorrow, and indignation. The resentment and credit of that family in an instant destroyed all his hopes; as he was known to be the aggressor, nothing but a speedy flight saved his life from the punishment which the law ordains, he therefore immediately passed over into France. Lady Nesby, who remained at London, in vain implored the king's clemency, but finding she could not obtain her husband's pardon, she crossed the sea, joined him, and they both determined to embark for the British colonies; they set out together, carrying their daughter Emma with them, then about seven or eight years old.

I was scarcely out of my childhood when I first knew Sir Edmund: as he was intimate at my father's, he often amused himself in talking to me, and giving me in the

way

way of paſtime, very ſerious and uſeful leſſons: as I was more advanced in years and reflection, when his ſad adventure drove him away from us, I mixed my tears with thoſe of his father, and ſincerely regretted the loſs of a man who had already taught me to feel the firſt charms of friendſhip. On my diſcovering the place of his retreat, I felt a pleaſure in thinking my company might poſſibly afford him comfort: I reſolved to pay him a viſit, to make him an offer of my ſervice, to learn from his own mouth whether I could poſſibly ſerve him in England, or procure him a leſs diſagreeable retreat in Carolina: I ſet out for Beauford: I was told where the Baronet lived; it was near the ſea ſide; I went thither. As ſoon as they told him my name, a cry of ſurpriſe and joy informed me how much he was pleaſed with the friendſhip which brought me to him. But in what a condition did I behold him! attacked by an incurable diſorder, threatened with an approaching death, anxious about the deſtiny of his daughter, lamenting the loſs of a dear wife, whoſe complaiſant aſſiduities charmed all the troubles

of his heart. The vaſt alteration of his features, and the account of ſome part of his diſappointments affected me greatly: he ſeemed not leſs moved by my behaviour. O my dear countryman, ſaid he, preſſing me to his boſom, how many tears has the imprudence of a moment coſt me! What cruel remorſe has that fatal inſtant been the cauſe of! My outlawry, and eternal baniſhment, made my wife ſink under her grief, and has reduced my daughter to an obſcure condition. I have been the cauſe of misfortune to all whom I loved: Oh Lindſey! at what a price do we purchaſe the cruel and tranſient ſatisfaction of puniſhing an offence which perhaps rather called for our contempt? Oh my young friend, revenge paves the way to long and bitter repentance.

I offered Sir Edmund all the comfort and aſſiſtance in my power to afford him; at his requeſt, I conſented to ſpend ſome time with him. He appeared to repoſe an extreme confidence in me; the ſight of me, and my converſation, ſeemed to give him

new ſpirits; I was glad of it, and every now and then I preſſed him to put me to the proof, how fortunate I ſhould think myſelf if he would pleaſe to give me any opportunity of being ſerviceable to him. You have it in your power, ſaid he one day, to ſerve me in a moſt eſſential point. I intend to ſend my daughter out of theſe parts, and to reſtore her to her country; it would be a dreadful reflection to me, when I die, to leave her on this continent, ſo fatal to her mother and to myſelf: Oh! may ſhe return to the dear land where ſhe firſt drew breath, whence her imprudent father has baniſhed himſelf! Will you conduct her to England? To whom can I entruſt her, to what more faithful guide can I commit her? Your noble character, that tender pity, whoſe affecting proofs you have ſhewn me, aſſure me of the concern you take in my daughter's fate; alas! ſhe deſerved a leſs rigorous one. Emma has now no mother, I am on the point of terminating my troubleſome journey; what would become of her here? Who would undertake the office to ſooth her ſorrow? or watch over her conduct?

For eight long years paſt we have been wandering in theſe climes: unknown; ſtrangers every where; no ties connect us with any. Oh my friend, take charge of this precious truſt, convey my daughter to London; a relation of her mother lives at York; it is lady Walters; you will place Emma under her care; and if I may, without treſpaſſing on your goodneſs, aſk one favour more, may I preſume to beg you will accept the guardianſhip of an unfortunate orphan. There remain at London four thouſand pounds of the wrecks of my fortune, which you will receive by my order. It is a very ſmall ſum; however, when added to what will be recovered when I am no more, it will put her beyond the reach of extreme want, and entire dependance. And what can the daughter of a baniſhed man hope for more!

I made no difficulty in promiſing to comply with the wiſhes of Sir Edmund; I ſwore to him to look on Miſs Neſby as my own ſiſter; to reſpect, to cheriſh, and protect her; to make her intereſt and happineſs the

chief business of my life; in a word, to omit nothing to augment her fortune by my care, or the comfort of her life by my assiduous attention. She had no knowledge of the engagements which I then entered into: as she was ill when I came to her father's, she never came down into his apartment: six days passed without my once seeing her. Happy should we both have been had fortune never presented an opportunity to meet, to see and become acquainted with each other! Oh, Monglas, there are wounds beyond the power of time to close! The remembrance of that beautiful and unfortunate creature will be present to my thoughts to my dying hour.

Miss Nesby to a noble majestic figure joined the most affecting graces. Her goodness of heart, her improved understanding, her sweetness of temper, rendered her both amiable and interesting; an air of sensibility, somewhat inclined to melancholy, diffused a charming grace over her looks, the tone of her voice, and her every motion: her most indifferent expressions seemed dictated by a benevolent heart, which

insured her universal regard; it was impossible to look on her, or to hear her speak, without desiring to please and to be beloved by her.

Her presence filled me with an admiration which no object before had ever excited; new and pleasing sensations agitated my heart; the aspect of this young lady, her looks, her discourse, awakened in my soul the most lively joy, and most delicious pleasure. I found myself happy to see her, to speak to her, and to be near her: how did I congratulate myself on Sir Edmund's confidence in me! What! said I with rapture, I am to conduct Miss Nesby to our common country, and under a title which allows me the direction of whatever relates to her interest, fortune, and happiness! Vain and deluding hope, how did you charm, how mislead a heart, already but too susceptible?

The time drew near when I was to embark. Sir Edmund's disorder got ground apace. He was sensible of it himself, and

preſſed his daughter to quit Carolina and to follow me; ſhe refuſed to go, or to leave him: he was angry at the refuſal, treated it as obſtinacy, flew into a paſſion, and inſiſted on being obeyed. Emma's reſiſtance appeared ſo natural and ſo reaſonable, that I bore with impatience the complaints and reproaches which the Baronet loaded her with. How could he deſire to ſend her away from him, and to deprive himſelf of her endearing aſſiduities! How could he treat her with ſo much ſeverity? Sometimes ſhe quitted his chamber all in tears: he would then call her back; melt into tenderneſs with her; mix his tears with thoſe he endeavoured to wipe away; and then began afreſh to conjure her to go, to command her, to threaten her with his curſe if ſhe yielded not to his will. I looked on theſe ſurpriſing inequalities of his temper as the effects of his diſorder: what anxiety, what vexation, what regret had he ſpared me, if, opening his whole heart to me, he had entruſted me with the ſecret cauſe of a conduct ſo capricious in appearance!

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In order to diffipate fome part of the uneafinefs of his lovely daughter, I endeavoured to calm his reftlefs and angry temper. What induces you to precipitate Mifs Nefby's departure, I one day afked him; is it becaufe you fear I fhould go without her? Do you imagine I am capable of leaving you in fo abrupt a manner? or refufing to indulge you with a longer ftay if you defire it? Ceafe to afflict your daughter; preferve the fatisfaction of receiving the tender proofs of her affliction, and allow her to perform duties fhe deems facred. Do not rob her of a father before the time when heaven dooms her to mourn his lofs: I will not leave Carolina at the time I intended; the fhip which carries my effects fhall fail without me: I will ftay with you till Mifs Nefby is difpofed to follow me with lefs reluctance.

I underftand you, my truly generous friend, cried Sir Edmund, this affurance completes my wifhes. Alas! if I add to the grief of a child fo beloved, it is not without fharing its bitternefs, without re-

doubling the violence of my pain: my death will ſoon ſeparate us for ever; if I ſeem reſolved to ſacrifice the few moments I ſtill enjoy, it is that I fear — A cruel deſtiny threatens this unhappy girl while here. —Oh! I love her tenderly! She may poſſibly doubt it.—He ſtopped, fixed his eyes on me, and reſuming in a low voice choaked with ſighs and tears, Oh, if my unfortunate adventure had not deſtroyed Emma's fortune, ſaid he, with what joy ſhould I ſee Lindſey intereſt himſelf for her; with what tranſport ſhould I offer to him a partner ſo worthy of him!

This diſcourſe opened my eyes with regard to thoſe ſenſations I had indulged, without being acquainted with them. Never had ſo warm an emotion filled my heart; I began to diſcover the view of a felicity of which I had hitherto no ſort of idea: to poſſeſs Emma, to ſpend every moment of my life with Emma! Melted, charmed, wholly taken up with the flattering proſpect which ſeemed to riſe before me, I neither

thought

thought of anſwering, nor of hiding the confuſion of my ſenſes.

How am I to interpret the viſible alteration in your countenance, continued Sir Edmund: thoſe bluſhes, that ſilence, that confuſion, do they tell me?—is it a confeſſion?—Then ſeizing both my hands, and preſſing them between his, O my dear Lindſey, why are you ſilent? cried he. Oh! do not conceal your paſſion from a friend who feels a father's tenderneſs for you.

You have juſt taught me, ſaid I at laſt, to read the ſecrets of a heart which you yourſelf would wiſh to diſcover; you have now opened to me the proſpect of a felicity whoſe moſt diſtant hope would make me happy. Yes! I do intereſt myſelf in Miſs Neſby; I value, I honour, I love her: to aſk and to receive from your hand ſo charming a companion, would be to inſure my eternal felicity! But I cannot diſpoſe of myſelf; a promiſe exacted, and a conſent already given, are bars in my way. My mother has entered into engagements for me; how can

I break them without forfeiting my word, and failing in that respect and submission which I owe to Lady Lindsey?

This resolution of preferring your duty to the inclination of your heart still adds to my first esteem of you, replied the Baronet; but were you not to marry Miss Denby, are you not her father's heir, do you not enjoy an independent fortune? I do not, answered I; my father's will subjects me to the disposal of my mother, and that of Sir William reinstates her in the possession of all the wealth he bequeaths me, if I disobey her by my conduct. But it is not the expectation of an immense fortune which makes me so attentive to please her: it is her kind care, her goodness; my gratitude and friendship which forbid me to afflict her. Being born in an exalted rank, she may possibly set too high a value on the splendour of titles, on dignities, and on the consideration which greatness and wealth carry with them. She has taken measures to secure me an alliance with one of the first families in England, of that very family to

whom you are unfortunately become an enemy. Before my departure ſhe communicated her intentions to me: being then not pre-engaged in my affections, I approved them; I promiſed to obey, ſolemnly promiſed: into what a perplexity does this promiſe throw me, now become impoſſible to be fulfilled! My heart has already given itſelf; I adore Emma, never ſhall any other claim a right to a heart wholly hers, never ſhall any other receive the plighted faith which I ſwear between your hands, to preſerve for her eternally. But permit me to reconcile intereſts ſo dear, to truſt to time and future events for the happineſs I aſpire to: receive the word of a man true to his engagements; I repeat it, I will not grieve my mother, or openly withdraw myſelf from her authority on an occaſion the moſt important of my life, where probably ſhe may be the moſt ſolicitous to guide and direct my choice; but I may be able to elude the concluſion of a marriage, ſo contrary to my wiſhes, keep myſelf free, and by gentle methods bring about an alteration in Lady Lindſey's diſpoſitions, and induce her to

approve my own: and why ſhould I not hope that ſhe will deſire the happineſs of a ſon, the only object of all the affections of her heart.

Sir Edmund muſed, was ſilent, and ſeemed wrapt in meditation; then turning to me, holding out his arms, and preſſing me with tenderneſs, Oh my friend! my ſon! ſaid he, I rely on you; I confide to your honour the future fate of my dear Emma; you muſt be her huſband, you promiſe it me? I accept your oath. Do you fix the time when you ſhall ſee fitting to form a tie which heaven will not allow me to ſee confirmed. I approve of your ſentiments with regard to your mother; but I require you to give me your poſitive, formal, inviolable word, that you will not diſcover your intentions to my daughter till the moment you ſhall be free to give her your hand and to receive hers. My knowledge of her heart, and of her extreme ſenſibility obliges me to impoſe this law upon you, which I conjure you not to violate. May Emma in you find a friend, a protector, but never a lover: do not expoſe

her

her to the torment of a tedious expectation, nor give her up to painful desires, and to restless fears; vouchsafe, my dear Lindsey, vouchsafe to swear to me; add this one act of compliance to the many favours conferred on a dying friend. If you grant me this favour, I shall look on you as an angel of light come down into these regions to render the last moments of my life happy. I gave Sir Edmund my word; I swore to conform myself exactly to his wishes: how many times since have I reproached myself with this too binding promise, without daring to imagine myself at liberty to fail in my engagements.

A few days after this discourse, the Baronet grew weaker. His daughter's alarms were augmented: she never quitted her father's room; we united our assiduities in order to sooth Sir Edmund's sufferings, and we attended on him jointly. Oh! how are all those moments present and dear to my memory. A strange and unaccountable pleasure was blended with my grief. I sighed, I wept, it is true! but then I sighed and

wept with Emma; compaſſion, horror, a thouſand terrible emotions roſe in my ſoul, but then they were the emotions of Emma's ſoul which I felt in mine; ſtruck with the ſame objects, affected with the ſame ſorrow, the conformity of our ſenſations ſeemed to draw us near and bind us to each other; ſad but delightful moments, how I regret your gloomy and melancholy charms!

One evening, Sir Edmund entering into a long converſation with his daughter, after ſome time ſent to deſire I would come in, when I found Emma bathed in tears, and terror painted on her countenance; ſhe obſerved a penſive ſilence, interrupted only by the groans of an oppreſſed heart. Sir Edmund called me to him, took me by the hand, laid it on Miſs Neſby's, and preſſing them between his own; Oh! you, each the object of the laſt wiſhes of a father and of a dying friend, fulfil, ſaid he, faithfully fulfil your promiſes; you, Emma know on what condition you have juſt received my tendereſt bleſſing! If by a criminal diſobedience you ſhould dare—Tremble,

ble, my daughter, tremble, a father's vengeance may extend beyond life; but I will not doubt of your heart: and you, Lindſey, forget not your oath; deceive not the expectation of a friend, whoſe confidence in you makes him deſcend peaceably to the grave. O, my dear children! may all the heavenly powers watch over you, ſhed bleſſings on your days; may they reward you Lindſey for rendering my death eaſy, I might call it happy, if your tears, and thoſe of my daughter did not trouble its comforting approaches!

Miſs Neſby could not ſupport theſe moving expreſſions; her eyes cloſed; ſhe fell ſenſeleſs on her father's boſom; they carried her from the room which ſhe was never to enter any more. Before ſhe came to herſelf, Sir Edmund expired in my arms, continuing ſtill to recommend her to my affection, honour, and protection.

I paid the father of Miſs Neſby all the duties which he could have expected from a ſon who revered him. His will, ſigned a

few

few days before, appointed me the guardian of his daughter, and ſole executor of his laſt deſires. I was greatly ſurpriſed at ſeveral articles in it; Emma's fortune was to remain in my hands, even after the time when the law allowed her to diſpoſe of it; ſhe was not to be miſtreſs of it, till ſhe ſettled; ſhe could not marry without my conſent, nor *even with my conſent*, any man born out of Great Britain. If ſhe did, he diſinherited her, and made her fortune over to Lady Walters, his mother's niece.

The ſale of his effects, added to the four thouſand pounds left at London, made up about nine thouſand in all; I admired the Baronet's attention to ſecure to his country ſo ſmall a ſum, and could not help being aſtoniſhed at the many precautions to prevent any ſtranger from enjoying it.

At a time when my heart being leſs taken up with one object, would have allowed me that liberty of mind which enables us to examine into the actions of others, and to explore and diſcover their cauſes, ſome very

very ſtriking circumſtances might have fixed my attention on the conduct and expreſſions of the Baronet. That mixture of careſſes, of reproaches, of threatenings to his daughter; thoſe conditional bleſſings, that excluſion of every foreigner, might have excited my ſuſpicions.—Happy, had I formed any; if led on by miſtruſt—I will not attack the memory of Sir Edmund, nor accuſe him of an intereſted diſſimulation, but he was acquainted with his daughter's engagements; he was acquainted with them, and was cruel enough to conceal them from me! Poſſibly he might fear to extinguiſh an ardour which gave him hopes of reinſtating Miſs Neſby in the rank he had forfeited for her, and poſſibly too he might fear making me a prey to tormenting jealouſy? He preſumed too much on a father's authority; he reckoned too much on oaths pronounced by a young timorous creature, who trembling before him whilſt ſhe ſubmitted to his commands, and ſwore to obey them, was ignorant of the force of thoſe ſentiments which ſhe promiſed to ſacrifice: doubtleſs Sir Edmund imagined her capable of getting

ing the better of them; he did not mean to deceive me, he was himſelf deceived by his own deſires; he wiſhed the happineſs of Emma, and of me; he fancied he had ſecured it.—Fatal error! the cauſe of all thoſe evils my heart ſtill groans for.

The moment Sir Edmund expired, I made Miſs Neſby an offer to conduct her to Charles Town; but ſhe preferred ſtaying at a ſmall houſe near the harbour, where ſhe intended to take an apartment with the mother of Helena, a young girl who attended on her. Being taken up all the morning with the care of her affairs, and with the preparations for our ſpeedy departure, I went to viſit her again in the evening. The deep diſtreſs I ſaw her give way to, moved me very ſenſibly: far from leſſening her grief, time ſeemed to augment it, and to make her tears flow every day more and more abundantly and bitterly. I ſtrove to ſooth her by partaking in her affliction, and mixing my tears with her's. She treated me with great goodneſs, and even with an attentive deference, and friendſhip: She

appeared

appeared ſenſible of my aſſiduity in ſerving and obliging her; but gave no ſigns of any ſtrong impreſſion it made on her.

After her affairs were ſettled, I went to agree for our paſſage on board a merchantman, when a lucky chance brought into Beauford harbour the Royal Briton, commanded by Captain Morgan, an excellent officer, who owed his promotion to my father. He was to ſet ſail in eight days time, and pleaſed with the thoughts of carrying me back to England, whither he was bound, he made me an offer of every accommodation in his power to procure me.

I acquainted Miſs Neſby in the evening, that a fine ſhip of war lay ready to carry her to her own country, and at the ſame time let her know the day fixed for her departure. I imagined her diſpoſed to leave Carolina without any difficulty. My expectation was cruelly deceived: ſhe looked at me, turned pale, and was in great uneaſineſs; ſet out ſo ſoon! ſaid ſhe ſeveral times, and

folding

folding her hands, and reclining her head on her bofom, deluged it with tears.

So ftrong a reluctance to a voyage which had been determined on ever fince my arrival at her father's, occafioned me as much furprize as vexation; I found myfelf incapable of laying any reftraint on Mifs Nefby, or tearing her by violence from a place fhe feemed fo grieved to quit; but love did not extinquifh the fentiments of nature in my breaft: what excufe could be made for my ftay at Carolina? Could I think of alarming my mother's fears and apprehenfions? And what could endear Carolina fo much to Mifs Nefby, or attach her to places where fhe was an alien? It was now fix months fince fhe had lived in them without knowing or being known by any. I preffed her in vain to explain to me the caufe of her melancholy, and of her tears; fhe continued to grieve the whole evening, and I was going out of her apartment in a ftate of uneafinefs and indecifion, when Helena, who was prefent at our converfation, followed and ftopped me.

This girl, who, though young, had a great deal of good ſenſe and reflection, was ſincerely attached to Miſs Neſby, and was beloved and even eſteemed by her. A preſent of three hundred guineas had juſt prevailed with her mother, who was burdened with a large family, to let her accompany Emma. She thanked me for a favour which ſecured to her the advantage of never quitting her miſtreſs, and lowering her voice, if you deſire the peace and happineſs of Miſs Neſby, ſaid ſhe, beware of ſhewing her too much complaiſance. You will never ſee her tears dried up whilſt ſhe inhabits this country. The ſight of various objects can alone divert her mind, and diſſipate her gloomy melancholy. Believe what I ſay, my Lord, but conceal from Miſs that I have preſumed to ſpeak to you; ſhe would blame my zeal, and might poſſibly miſtake the motives of it. I put ſeveral queſtions to the girl, ſhe anſwered me only by preſſing me to follow her advice, which I determined to do.

Oh what a conflict had I to prevail with myſelf to oppoſe the deſires of Emma! and

to ufe for once my authority to force her inclination: I was obliged to deprive myfelf of the pleafure of feeing her, as one fingle prayer from her would have made my refolution vanifh. The time for our departure was at laft come; Mifs Nefby fuffered herfelf to be conducted to the harbour; fhe embarked without complaining, without fhewing any figns of the violent grief fhe felt herfelf overwhelmed with; but her palenefs, her filence, and her fighs, fufficiently expreffed her forrow. As foon as the wind had carried us out to fea, her tears began to flow: fhe perfifted in ftaying on deck, fupported by Helena and myfelf, fixed her eyes on thofe lamented fhores, and repeated a thoufand times over, Never, never fhall I behold them more!

Scarce had we got three leagues off at fea, when a boat, which came out of the harbour, feemed to give us chafe: fhe came down with fails and oars. By her courfe and the fignals fhe made fhe gave us to underftand fhe wanted to come up with us. Some of the crew began to joke, faying that

the veſſel chaſed us, and was coming to fight us; and ſetting up a loud laugh, called out to prepare for action. This noiſy mirth of the ſailors obliged Emma to quit the deck, and to retire with Helena. I ſaw trouble on her countenance, and attributed it to the ribaldry ſhe had juſt heard.

Soon after the boat came up with us. When near enough to be heard, a young man, who ſeemed to command the men who ſtood round him, aſked to ſpeak with the captain. He begged him to grant him a paſſage on board his ſhip; that having been told it too late, he had miſſed an opportunity of coming to Beauford the evening before. Captain Morgan ſtarted ſeveral difficulties, and aſked him a great many queſtions. By the anſwers he made, the young man diſcovered he was ſo vexed and provoked at the ſtate of uncertainty in which the Captain's irreſolution left him, that I added my intreaties to his. The conditions being propoſed and accepted, he had a paſſage granted for himſelf and two of his people. The boatmen were preparing to bring to, when

a little guſt of wind riſing all on a ſudden, drove off the boat, and parted us. The moment ſhe was got at ſome diſtance, the young man raiſed a moſt piercing cry, and threw himſelf headlong into the ſea.

This raſh action made me cry out with ſurprize and horror. I offered twenty guineas to any who would go to his aſſiſtance, and thirty more if they ſaved his life. Encouraged by the hope of gain, four ſailors threw themſelves into the ſea, fortunately they perceived the object of my compaſſion riſe, buffetting the waves, and ſtriving to ſwim towards us. One of the ſailors laid hold of him by his hair, the others by his cloaths, and overjoyed at the ſucceſs of their enterprize, came in a triumphant manner to claim the recompence of their zeal.

The gentleman who had eſcaped ſo great a danger was entirely ſenſeleſs. He was about twenty years old: his youth, the beauty of his features, and the dangers he had undergone, mingled a degree of compaſſion with the curioſity he excited. They quickly

ly gave him all the aſſiſtance requiſite in his ſituation. Every body thronged about him; impatiently waiting when he ſhould recover the uſe of his ſenſes. At laſt he opened his eyes, caſt looks of wonder on the croud who ſtrove to get ſight of him, but fixed them on me; doubtleſs perceiving in my countenance a compaſſion either more tender or more ſtrongly marked: he ſtretched out his arms towards me in ſo affecting a manner, that my heart was ſenſibly moved at it. I ſpoke to him, he would have anſwered me, but looking once more round him, he cried out, Good God! where am I, or what have I done! his tears then found vent, and their abundance ſtopped his voice.

As ſoon as he was able to ſpeak, he aſked whether his people would be long before they brought to; they ſoon convinced him of the impoſſibility of the return of the boat. On hearing this his affliction was redoubled. The manner in which he had been ſeparated from his company left him in want of every neceſſary; his greateſt diſtreſs was to

get other clothes. I intreated him to be at eaſe on that head; as our ſize and make were much alike, I offered to ſupply him with whatever he wanted; the captain perceiving the concern I took in the ſtranger, left him intirely to my care: while they were preparing a proper place for him, I led him into my cabin, got him ſome linen; had his hair dried, and himſelf put to bed: after taking ſome ſmall refreſhment, his extreme fatigue ſoon threw him into a dead ſleep. I ordered John my valet de chambre not to leave him, and when he ſhould awake to furniſh him with every thing neceſſary to dreſs.

Impatient to ſee Miſs Neſby, I went to her apartment. She ſeemed leſs afflicted, but in great agitation of ſpirits, and even in a ſort of confuſion. Helena, who was ſomewhat ſea-ſick, thought herſelf dying; I attributed the diſorder of her good-natured miſtreſs to the complaints and ſituation of her maid; I comforted them both with regard to this tranſient inconvenience. We afterwards ſpoke of the event in which

the

the crew had so great a share. I let Miss Nesby know the concern I felt in behalf of this young stranger. She heard my account of it with a great deal of attention, mused for a moment, cast down her eyes, then lifting them on me, and looking with a melting air, How noble and humane is your heart my lord, said she; this man is very happy if he finds a friend in you.

These words gave me inexpressible pleasure. They assured me of the good opinion of a person whose esteem I most passionately desired. I congratulated myself for having met with an opportunity of hearing from her own mouth such pleasing expressions; and Nelson, though before only the object of my humanity, now approved by my charming ward, was so far from appearing indebted to my compassion, that he seemed to demand my eternal gratitude.

After two hours very unquiet sleep, the stranger waked. John asked him, whether he would please to rise; he consented, and seemed to accept his attendance with great composure. Whilst they were assisting him

in dreſſing, he enquired my name, and the rank I held in my country. On ſatisfying his curioſity, John perceived him to turn pale, fold his hands, lift up his eyes to heaven in an attitude of deſpair, throw himſelf on a ſeat, hide his face, and preſently after heard him weep and groan, as if his heart were ready to break.

I came in that moment. Surpriſed and moved to ſee him in that condition, I took him by the hand, and preſſing it in mine, entreated he would entruſt me with the cauſe of his grief. He fixed his eyes on me with a melancholy air, haſtily withdrew his hand, and turning aſide his head; Leave me, for heaven's ſake, leave me, ſaid he, your compaſſion completes my diſtreſs.

This action and his ſtrange diſcourſe made me apprehend the loſs of his reaſon. I conjured him to tell me how he could reckon among the number of his diſtreſſes that natural ſentiment which induced me to pity him, and to wiſh to be of ſervice to him? He made me no anſwer; I inſiſted: Oh! you

you tear my heart, cried he, you pierce it with a thousand daggers! Why did you save my life? What concern could you take in preserving a wretch? Your kindness constrains, humbles, afflicts, and torments me. Why did I not perish in the midst of the waves, from which your cruel compassion has rescued me! Why, why did you lay me under such obligations?

The oddness of his reproaches confirmed me in the notion that his reason was impaired. I felt a real uneasiness at it. I endeavoured to compose the agitation of his spirits; I offered him assistance and comfort, and begged his confidence; I swore to do him all the service that he could expect from an old and tender friend.

From a friend! repeated he in an impatient accent; what, always the sport of a cruel destiny! incessantly crossed in my purposes, in my most ardent wishes! While hatred, fury, hope of vengeance, alone support and animate my sad existence,

am I invited to repoſe confidence, to maintain friendſhip. Oh great God! is it then a friend whom I ſought.

It was eaſy to ſee that ſome violent uneaſineſs diſturbed the mind of this man, who was doubtleſs unfortunate. His ſighs, his tears inſenſibly ſubdued his fury; my endearing expreſſions appeaſed him; he ſeemed aſhamed of his paſſion; he was beginning to apologize for it to me, when word was brought him, that a ſmall cabin, near mine, had been cleared and prepared for his reception. He begged me to allow him to retire to it for a ſhort time. I conſented, on condition that he returned in an hour to drink tea with me; he promiſed me he would: I ſuffered him to withdraw, recommending it to John to obſerve his motions, and not to let him be out of his ſight.

He came back at the time appointed, and accoſted me with that eaſy and polite addreſs, characteriſtic of people above the common level. He aſked me pardon for any expreſſions he might have let drop in his

fit

fit of madnefs, which he remembered to his confufion. A very unfortunate accident had formerly, he told me, made fo ftrong an impreffion on his fenfes, that on the leaft caufe of agitation, he was feized with the fits I had been witnefs to. He added thanks to his apologies, called me his deliverer, and begged me to forget he had ever prefumed to reproach me with my good offices.

While he was fpeaking, the noble gracefulnefs of his perfon, the choice of his expreffions, an air of fenfibility, which rendered his gratitude animated and moving, affected me, and augmented the inclination I felt to love and ferve him. We fat down to tea. My defign was to induce him to difcover himfelf to me. Every thing befpoke the fingularity of his difpofition and fortune; various emotions were painted on his countenance. I could fee in it uneafinefs, conftraint, and vexation. I queftioned him in vain: his fhort and referved anfwers gave fmall figns of his repofing any confidence in me, and all thofe motives which commonly

induce men to open their hearts, appeared to have no force on him.

None of my queſtions gained me the deſired confidence: What, ſaid I, will you conceal from me who you are? Will you refuſe to diſcover to me the cauſe of that eagerneſs to ſail for Europe, which made you hazard your life, and put it in evident danger, doubtleſs for fear of loſing your paſſage. Motives very urgent muſt have determined you to ſo raſh an action. What object drives you to England? A voyage undertaken with ſo much ardour can doubtleſs have no common motive, and it cannot be mere curioſity which carries you to our climes.

He coloured, ſeemed to waver, and to be in great perplexity; he ſighed. I ſaw the tears ſtand ready to trickle down his cheeks; I offered him my hand; you are ſilent, ſaid I; you ſeem to fear confiding in a man whom a tender concern alone induces to wiſh to ſearch into your ſecrets. Poſſibly I may be able to ſerve you; but if I cannot

mitigate

mitigate your afflictions, you will at leaſt find that I can feel them, partake in them, and pity you. So much goodneſs fills me with gratitude, ſaid he, in an accent which diſcovered great emotion. My ſilence may prejudice me in your eſteem, and perhaps my ſincerity might deſtroy the favourable diſpoſition of your heart.

Notwithſtanding the ſmall difference in our age, you appear to me ſo reaſonable, that an imprudent, indiſcreet, and paſſionate man cannot, without confuſion, permit you to look into his ſoul. And what could you read there? Paſſions, of which yours is not ſuſceptible, or which at leaſt are more under your command. And yet my Lord, I have nothing to diſcover, which can make me unworthy, in my own eyes, the favours you load me with, and the valuable title of your friend.

" My name is Nelſon; I am deſcended
" from one of thoſe noble Engliſh families
" who, not liking their firſt ſettlements,
" paſſed from Virginia to Carolina, in the

" reign of Charles II. My father was
" possessed of rich plantations on Ashley
" river. My mother died in child-bed of
" me, and I was still in my cradle when I
" lost my father. Mr. Hervey, my mater-
" nal uncle, was appointed my guardian,
" at his own desire; I was bred up under
" his eye, and he himself superintended my
" education, but though he was too kind
" and indulgent perhaps, during my child-
" hood, he grew severe and imperious when
" I had attained that age which gentle me-
" thods and a friendly familiarity are surer
" guides than a haughty austerity.

" As he was of a whimsical, suspicious,
" covetous, turbulent disposition, he loved
" nobody; he lived almost alone; his nar-
" row soul would never allow him to taste
" the sweets of society; in order to give
" me an aversion to it, he represented it
" under the falsest colours. Being contra-
" dicted in my inclinations, and cramped
" in all my steps, deprived of all the a-
" musements calculated to relax the mind
" from a continual application to study,

" I

"I became fullen and unfociable; my "hafty temper made conftraint infupport- "able to me; vexation and folitude foured "my humour; every thing was a fatigue "to me; every thing difgufted me: before "I became acquainted with the pleafures "of life, I was thinking how to free my- "felf from its troubles, when new fenti- "ments changed the difpofition of my "mind: thefe taught me to value and che- "rifh my being, and to look on it as a "thing of real value: an heavenly girl a- "bout that time came to refide in our "neighbourhood. At the fight of her, my "heart opened itfelf to defire and hope; "my ideas were enlarged; I formed pro- "jects; I felt pleafure expanding in my "foul; I had a foretafte of happinefs.— "Flattering illufions, whither are ye fled! "How could emotions fo pleafing produce "fuch bitter fenfations?—Oh my Lord, "pardon, he repeated with a kind of con- "fufion, pardon, nor defpife my weaknefs; "I weep, it is true, but it is no frivolous "attachment which makes my tears to "flow; it is not a miftrefs whom I regret,

" it is a wife, united to me by the dearest
" ties of marriage; I have lost her, she is for
" ever torn from me; it is beyond the power
" of love, beyond the power of fate to make
" me happy! Pardon me, continued he, if
" I decline entering into a minute account
" of circumstances unworthy your atten-
" tion; how should I keep within the
" bounds of moderation in relating the
" particulars of a passion too strong and
" too ardent? Nor time, nor my suffer-
" ings, nor the loss of all my hopes have
" been able to lessen its force; and to com-
" plete my misfortune, I have prepared the
" way to the keenest repentance for having
" destroyed my happiness, by an indiscreet
" desire to hasten the moment, when I was
" within the reach of possibly enjoying it.

" Though endued with a thousand ta-
" lents and virtues, the object of my ten-
" derness was little favoured with the goods
" of fortune; I was pleased with this cir-
" cumstance: I perceived for the first time
" the value of riches, which I could em-
" ploy in contributing to the happiness of

" an amiable girl, whoſe heart was ſoften-
" ed by my aſſiduous attention, and by the
" generous expreſſions of my paſſion. Her
" mother conſented to our union; my hap-
" pineſs depended on my uncle: I trembled
" to diſcover my inclination to him. But
" what was my ſurprize and joy to ſee him
" liſten to me without anger, and when I
" received from his own mouth the aſſur-
" rance of entire liberty in my choice.
" Deteſtable treaſon, the cauſe of all my
" misfortunes! For that very night a band
" of ſoldiers, let into my room by that inhu-
" man parent dragged me from the arms of
" ſleep, carried me off, and put me on board
" a frigate, which immediately ſet ſail:
" all my cries and reſiſtance were to no pur-
" poſe. In vain I would have engaged
" the mercileſs men to return towards
" the dear ſhores from whence they had
" removed me; neither my promiſes, nor
" my prayers, nor my threats could pre-
" vail on them. I was carried to a Spa-
" niſh garriſon. The governor, an old
" friend of my uncle, received me with
" great civility; I met with a profuſion of
" kindneſs

" kindness and good treatment; but how
" could I relish all this when my liberty
" was taken from me, when I had been se-
" parated from all I loved, when I was
" ignorant of the state of my charming
" friend, and could not possibly acquaint
" her with mine?

" Ten months spent during this state
" of dependance and uncertainty, plunged
" me anew into that dark melancholy which
" love had dissipated. Desperate projects,
" and fatal designs incessantly filled my
" imagination: my easiest moments were
" those when, being determined to put a
" period to my existence, I addressed many
" a sad farewel to her whom my soul ador-
" ed: by degrees I melted, my tears found
" vent, and eased the weight of my suffer-
" ings; they suspended my cruel and bloody
" resolutions. I painted to myself the a-
" gonies I was preparing for the bosom of
" a tender weak woman; how would she
" hear it, said I, and hear it repeated that her
" Henry was no more; she would cry out,
" Nelson himself has broken the bonds
" which

" which kept us together! I figured to " myself her grief, her cries, and her despair; if I could not bear being deprived " of the sight of her, how could I think " she could support our eternal separation? " —How often has this fear of afflicting " her beyond measure with-held my hand? " How often, my eyes all bathed in tears, " have I cried out: Oh! my soul's divinity, I will live for thee, sooner suffer for " ever, than call up for one moment the " groans of thy heart!

" A ray of hope at last dispelled these " gloomy ideas; I was told my captivity " drew near an end. The fort was no " longer a prison to me; I was allowed the " liberty to go out of it, to extend my excursions to the neighbouring islands, and " to take the diversion of hunting. I was " supplied with as much money as I pleased " to ask for. A letter from my uncle confirmed the governor's words. I should " know one day, said he, from what a danger his prudence had preserved me, and " the snare which artifice had laid for my

" youth,

" youth, my credulity, and my ſimplicity
" of heart. Uneaſy, and alarmed by theſe
" inſinuations, I immediately wrote to her
" whoſe conſtancy and fidelity I began to
" doubt. I bought a ſlave, and engaged
" him by motives of intereſt to ſerve me
" with zeal; I promiſed him his liberty,
" and an eaſy ſettlement, if he ſpeedily de-
" livered my letter, and returned with ſtill
" greater diſpatch: he embarked, and my
" heart followed him during the whole
" voyage. I began ſoon to count the mo-
" ments of his abſence; I forgot that his
" return depended on the winds and ſeas;
" I accuſed him of ſlowneſs; I believed
" myſelf betrayed; my impatience leſſened
" the diſtance in my eyes, and my eager
" deſire lengthened out the time. My
" ſlave, who was both faithful and diligent,
" arrived at laſt; I flew to meet him; he
" delivered me a letter; I knew the writing
" of that adored hand; I preſſed to my lips
" thoſe lines whoſe ſight charmed all my
" afflictions. Alas! while I was reading
" them, a ſad ſurprize made my blood run
" cold in my veins, and gave me up to

" horror

" horror and despair. She, who had given " me her heart, who had plighted her faith " to me, renounced my passion and myself! " She told me, swore to me, she loved me, " yet commanded me to forget her: begged " me to think of her no more, to banish " her from my memory; that she was not " destined to the happiness of completing " my wishes; that they were carrying her " away far from those places which I was " to inhabit, and whither I was not to be " recalled till she was gone: that she was " soon to lose sight of them; that she " mourned her fate; that she was com- " pelled to free me from my oaths, and " to disengage me from every tie which at- " tached me to her; that she was order- " ed, was required to do it; that she was " forced to submit, and did set me free from " every obligation; but that, faithful to " her first inclinations, she will ever pre- " serve the remembrance of the only man " whose love she wished for; that her hand " should never be given to any; that she " will love me in her heart; that she bid " me an eternal farewel, but that the traces

" of

" of her tears had almoſt effaced theſe her laſt
" ſad words which ſhe knew muſt rend my
" heart.

" To loſe her, to loſe her for ever! To
" renounce a girl of ſo noble and generous
" a ſoul as to diſengage me from my oaths,
" and ſtill preſerve her plighted faith! They
" tear her, they remove her from me! Oh!
" how, how ſupport this cruel blow? En-
" couraged at laſt by the certainty of being
" beloved, and by the hopes of preventing
" the misfortunes I feared, I privately made
" ſure of a light veſſel, which I armed with
" all ſpeed; I went on board this crazy
" bark, my money encouraged the ſailors,
" but contrary winds put me out of my
" courſe; ten ſeveral times was I forced to
" put back, did I find myſelf ſtopped by
" calms, or driven back by ſtorms: at laſt
" I diſcovered the port to which all my
" wiſhes tended; the rocks hid my boat
" from the ſight of the people on ſhore. I
" was kindly received by a friend, who
" concealed me from every eye, and under-
" took to acquaint with my arrival, her

" whoſe

" whose promises I was come to claim; she
" consented to see me and to speak to me.
" I was introduced into the garden in the
" dead of the night: my prayers, and my
" tears obtained every thing from love, and
" determined the amiable girl to unite her-
" self for ever with the lover who adored
" her. At the first dawn of day, she fol-
" lowed me trembling; I led her to the
" church where a minister was waiting in
" order to authorize and sanctify my happy
" temerity. Already our hearts and hands
" were united; already heaven was hearken-
" ing to our oaths; the voice of the charm-
" ing mistress of my soul was ready to pro-
" nounce her vows to love me for ever,
" when her parents, followed by a number
" of armed men, forced open the door;
" her mother seized her, and would have
" forced her from my arms; I held her,
" they surrounded me, pressed upon me,
" and at last separated us: I was immedi-
" ately attacked by a number of slaves; I
" drove the miscreants to a distance, they
" fell, and overthrowing each other, I
" opened myself a passage, and holding out

" my arms had almoſt reached my diſmay-
" ed girl; when a reſolute fellow threw
" himſelf between her and me; incenſed at
" that action, I aimed a blow at him, when
" my ſword glancing aſide, pierced the breaſt
" of an unfortunate woman.—Oh! why
" did I not die before that fatal moment?"
—Here he pauſed, and hanging down his head, hid his face, whilſt his tears and ſighs ſtopped his voice.

Struck with his misfortune, and filled with horror and pity, I blamed myſelf for having made him re-trace ſo affecting an event. Alas! who could then have foretold to me that I ſhould one day feel the ſame agony under which I ſaw him labour? I pitied Nelſon; my tears and expreſſions convinced him how much I was moved at his ſtory, and at the irreparable loſs which cauſed his juſt regret. He looked at me, and appearing to muſe for a moment, caſt down his eyes, then raiſing them towards me: how ſoothing to my heart is your compaſſion, ſaid he in an affectionate accent: you afford me comforting ideas, and a flat-

tering,

tring hope, if however it is poſſible to imagine, to think —He pauſed, and reſuming:

" Allow me, ſaid he, to proceed no far-
" ther at preſent; do not oblige me to en-
" tertain you with an account of my tem-
" porary madneſs. Having eſcaped from a
" cloſe priſon where my uncle kept me,
" I was determined to fly from his tyranny,
" and from thoſe countries which could no
" longer afford me the view of the object of
" all my ſoul's deſires. I brought away
" with me in ingots of gold, a ſum ſuffi-
" cient to procure me an eaſy ſubſiſtance in
" England, where I wiſh to ſpend the re-
" mainder of my days; my impatience, and
" precipitation have expoſed me to neceſſi-
" ties, and reduced me to a ſtate of depen-
" dence, at leaſt for ſome time; but, if I
" am under the neceſſity of contracting ſuch
" great obligations, I eſteem myſelf happy
" in meeting with a benefactor, whoſe diſ-
" tinguiſhed qualities equally invite my
" friendſhip and gratitude."

Theſe

These laſt words, pronounced with an air of frankneſs and nobleneſs, affected me exceedingly. I embraced Nelſon, I begged he would look on me as a friend and brother, and be under no manner of concern as to his ſtay in England. During the reſt of the converſation, he loſt that gloomy air which clouded a countenance full of ſenſe and fire. As he grew calmer and more open, he enquired what buſineſs had brought me to Carolina. I ſatisfied his curioſity, without however acquainting him with the preſent ſituation of my mind. I was determined to conceal my paſſion for my ward, and ſpoke only in general of my eſteem and friendſhip for her.

That very evening I informed Miſs Neſby of the particulars which regarded Nelſon. She ſeemed to intereſt herſelf greatly on hearing that ſhort narrative. I aſked her whether ſhe knew him, and whether ſhe had ever heard of that adventure, or could give any further eclairciſſements, which I could not preſume to aſk of one whoſe violent affliction required to be treated with ſome tenderneſs.

She remained ſome little time without anſwering me. I never heard of the name of Nelſon, ſaid ſhe at length, but never lifted up her eyes towards me. I pity him you ſpeak of: I think his ſituation very afflicting, and his condition deplorable. It is a great misfortune to entertain an inclination capable of laying us under the diſpleaſure of thoſe, whom the laws have authoriſed to approve or condemn the affections of our ſouls. Though they are obliged by nature to protect, to cheriſh, and to make us happy, yet if our heart diſpoſes of itſelf without their conſent, they ſeem to forget their former tenderneſs, and to be gnorant that it is not in our power to love or hate at their pleaſure; and too often they puniſh us cruelly for an involuntary reſiſtance!

Emma pronounced this reflection with ſo ſorrowful an air, that I have ſince wondered an hundred times how ſhe came not to awaken my ſuſpicions. But when we entertain no miſtruſt, if we happen to obſerve the looks or expreſſions of a woman we love, it is with ſo ſtrong a diſpoſition to

give

give them a favourable interpretation, that ſhe may for a long time impoſe on us, ſhould the ſmalleſt intereſt induce her to diſguiſe her thoughts; neither the time, nor the circumſtances ſuffered me to diſcover in this diſcourſe of Emma, any thing beſides her good ſenſe, and her compaſſion for two lovers, whoſe parents had occaſioned their misfortune.

Next day, I introduced Nelſon to my charming ward. She received him with ſome ſeeming indifference; at firſt he ſeemed under a kind of conſtraint in her preſence. But, by degrees, a pleaſing, agreeable freedom prevailed among us. Whilſt the voyage laſted, I had no occaſion to regret any of thoſe amuſements I was deprived of. Oh! what pleaſure can be compared to that activity of the ſoul, excited and kept up by friendſhip and love! Do we feel any want of amuſements when we love? The deſire of pleaſing and obliging ſo fully employs all our moments! Oh, period of my life, whoſe remembrance is ſtill dear to me, how happy did I think myſelf!

I fancied myſelf the diſpoſer of the fate of two perſons who ſhared the ſtrongeſt affections of my heart—O cruel both! why did the miſtruſt of the one, and the timidity of the other force me to lament for ever my want of penetration with all its dreadful conſequences? Unfortunate Henry! Unhappy Emma? Why were your hearts ſhut to me? How could you doubt the tenderneſs, and I may preſume to ſay, the generoſity of mine? Oh, Monglas, Oh my prudent friend! do not form a wrong idea of my ſentiments; I weep not a woman torn from my love, from my deſires; I regret not the pleaſure I looked to enjoy in her company, and in her charms: no, it is not love, it is compaſſion, it is friendſhip which ſtill draw the groans of ſorrow from me! Happy, a thouſand times happy, if, though deprived of Emma, and ſeeing her in the arms of another, I could ſay to myſelf, ſhe lives, ſhe owes to me her happineſs; I have ſacrificed mine to her.

As we were drawing near the coaſts of Great Britain, I began to conſider of the means to conceal from my mother the know-

ledge of thoſe engagements I had entered into in Carolina. As ſhe was connected with a family the irreconcilable enemies of Sir Edmund, could I introduce to her the daughter of a baniſhed man, who was deteſted by the houſe to which ſhe meant to ally me? On the point of ſeeing myſelf under the diſagreeable neceſſity of oppoſing her inclinations, to preſent Emma to her then, would it not be to diſcover the motive of my reſiſtance, and to expoſe the cauſe of it to her diſdain and hatred? My promiſe obliged me to place Miſs Neſby under the care of Lady Walters: but before this could be done, I muſt be ſure whether that Lady ſtill reſided at York, and whether ſhe was diſpoſed to receive her relation: on this ſuppoſition I wiſhed to conduct Miſs Neſby thither in perſon. I could not eaſily remove far from London during the firſt days after my arrival; I therefore thought how to procure my ward a proper place to retire to, where ſhe might be agreeably lodged till the time for her ſetting out for the country. I had a friend in London, whoſe name was Mrs. Howard: I determined on her houſe,

as I knew ſhe was very deſirous of obliging me.

This lady, born with great advantages, poſſeſſed the ſecret to preſerve them. Having paſſed the prime of youth, it was her whole ſtudy and endeavour to make herſelf agreeable at that time of life, when gaiety, evenneſs of temper, and good nature ſo well ſupply the place of thoſe charms which every day leſſen in the fair ſex. Her chief pleaſure conſiſted in a ſelect ſociety. Having been introduced at her houſe, I had been lucky enough to be able to ſerve two perſons for whom ſhe had a great regard: ſhe ſought ſome opportunity to ſhew me her gratitude, and I made no doubt but that ſhe would gladly receive into her houſe, a ſtranger for whom I intereſted myſelf ſo warmly; I found I was not deceived in my expectation.

When I arrived in London, my mother had juſt ſet out for Bath: her abſence from town made it eaſy for me to take every meaſure neceſſary for my peace of

mind. Mrs. Howard, who had long retired from court, was little known to Lady Lindſey: different connexions, and amuſements of a different kind, prevented their meeting often. As for Nelſon, nothing induced me to conceal my friendſhip for him. Before we ſet out for Bath, I obliged him to accept of a ſum of money, which I told him was at his ſervice. It was not without extreme reluctance he conſented to accept it. Though he was certain of one day repaying theſe trifling obligations, he bluſhed to receive the ſums advanced him. His noble ſpirit did not injure him in my opinion, but it vexed me: I loved him too much not to wiſh he had ſhewn himſelf more ſincere and open with me.

During the journey, Nelſon ſeemed very much dejected. I was not leſs ſo myſelf. I had not yet felt that uneaſineſs, that langour, which abſence and the loſs of an agreeable connexion inſpires. I beſought Nelſon not to mention my ward before Lady Lindſey. Without entruſting him with my ſentiments for to her, I only

discovered my fears of raising suspicions in my mother concerning my attachment to the interests of that young creature.

With what an afflicting surprise did I feel myself seized when I cast myself at Lady Lindsey's feet, and when I embraced her affectionately! This excellent mother had enjoined every body not to acquaint me with her disorder; she even strove to hide it from me: but her weak emaciated state of body, already foretold the dreadful decay occasioned by a consumption. The pleasure of seeing me seemed to revive her, and to give her new hopes of a recovery. She received Nelson as the friend of a darling son. Wholly taken up with her situation, she appeared to me entirely unconcerned about all the ambitious projects she had formed before my departure. Far from the thoughts of engaging me in any tie, she seemed to rejoice at my being free: sensibly affected with my assiduities, and charmed with my attention, my care, and my dutiful behaviour, she told all who came to see

 her,

her, that ſhe ſhould think herſelf happy to poſſeſs the entire tenderneſs of her ſon, and to have no rival in his heart.

She ſpent the remaining part of the ſeaſon at Bath: my duty made it a law to me not to quit her. I kept up a correſpondence with Mrs. Howard, and I learned from her that Miſs Neſby preferred ſolitude to all the amuſements which ſeemed calculated by their novelty to excite her curioſity. Being continually ſhut up with Helena, ſhe never quitted her apartment but when civility obliged her to go to Mrs. Howard's: ſhe diſcovered a great deſire to retire as ſoon as the company began to aſſemble; or if ſhe yielded to her intreaties, and ſtaid, it was viſible in her eyes that it was a confinement to her. However, ſhe lent an obliging attention to the converſation, ſpoke little, but with ſo much ſweetneſs, propriety, and grace, that her friends could not without great reluctance ſuffer her to abandon herſelf to that love of retirement which deprived ſociety of a perſon born to be its ornament and delight.

As ſoon as I had received information from York, I wrote to Miſs Neſby. Lady Walters did not live there at that time. Having ſix months before paſſed over into France, ſhe actually reſided at Niſmes, hoping to receive ſome benefit in an aſthmatic complaint. Her return depended on the good effects ſhe hoped to receive from her abode in the ſouth of France.

I ſaw with pleaſure the continuance of Miſs Neſby in London, without having cauſe to reproach myſelf with making any alteration in her father's diſpoſitions. Mrs. Howard congratulated herſelf on not being parted from her lovely companion, and my ward wrote me word, that being attached to this Lady by the ties of eſteem and gratitude, ſhe would very willingly live with her till the return of Lady Walters.

Being ſatisfied with this aſſurance, I divided my cares between my mother and Nelſon. On examining the ſingular character of this planter, I found it impoſſible to account for the principles and

motives of a thousand contradictions which appeared in it. His situation seemed rather calculated to plunge him into melancholy, than excite emotions of impatience and fury: he seemed to be less dejected by the remembrance of some past event, than tormented by present sufferings: A perpetual inequality of humour marked all his moments. He fled from the sight of every body: and often for whole days together would shun even me: in vain would I have engaged him to seek consolation in my friendship; he was unacquainted with this food of the mind, this sweet intercourse of sentiment so necessary to a tender disposition. Moved with his condition I pressed him to communicate to me the subject of what lay so near his heart. He blushed, kept silence, or if he ever spoke it was in broken words, or exclamations of grief. Sometimes he reproached me bitterly. Why did you not let me perish in the midst of the waves, said he to me, in a harsh tone, and with a wild look? Why did you snatch me from the jaws of death? You have thrown away your kindness on a wretched being; on a madman,

whofe brutality muft tire out your friendfhip; poffibly you may repent having preferved, having loved me: Oh! you know not all the torments which rend my foul.'

A heart fo little capable of yielding to the folicitations of friendfhip, might have fhocked mine; but attributing this kind of ferocity to his education, and to the violence of his grief, it vexed without angering me: I was in hopes that time and diffipation might produce their wonted effect on his mind; I propofed foftening his angry temper, by gentlenefs and complaifance. His prefent fituation, and the need he ftood in of affiftance, contributed to render me indulgent; fome eftimable qualities made amends in my eyes for the momentary roughnefs of his difpofition: far from perfifting in my defire to penetrate into what he wifhed to conceal, I made it a law to myfelf, never to put one fingle queftion to him; but neither my affiduity, nor the inexpreffible beauties of the place, nor the various amufements of Bath could calm his uneafinefs, or diminifh his gloomy fadnefs.

My mother recovered her health ſo as to be able to return to London. With what delight did I reviſit Miſs Neſby! how difficult did I find it to repreſs my joy of heart, and to hide the pleaſing emotion of my ſenſes: yet every thing ſtill conſpired to force me to that irkſome conſtraint. I owed ſo much deference to Lady Lindſey: My reſpect for her and prudence alike required me to hold my peace. If I confeſſed my love, could I remain long maſter of it? Could I keep ſo ſtrong a paſſion within bounds? Would not the ſlighteſt hope of a return of my paſſion carry me beyond the limits I had preſcribed to myſelf? Would it not render my deſires more ardent, and my expectation more painful? Sometimes I fancied I perceived in the looks of that charming girl—Oh! let me not recall that fatal error! It contributed but too much perhaps to ſhut my eyes to her true ſentiments.

The title of guardian authoriſed me to procure Miſs Neſby every thing that could pleaſe her fancy: no body knew the ſtate of her fortune; nor was ſhe herſelf acquainted

quainted with the narrowneſs of it. The four thouſand pounds I was to have receiv-ed at London, and which had been entruſted to a merchant, were confounded with the reſt of the immenſe debts of that man, who had fled from the purſuit of his creditors. He had juſt quitted the kingdom when I ar-rived at London. Nelſon was with me at the banker's, where I heard the news of it; I deſired him to be ſilent on an event which I intended to conceal from my ward. I took a pleaſure in making her live with a certain elegance, and to ſee her wear thoſe orna-ments which the advanced ſtate of her mourning now admitted. I laid hold of the ſlighteſt pretences to amuſe her with di-verſions; and I enjoyed the inexpreſſible pleaſure of beſtowing my gifts on the moſt lovely object, and the ſweet ſatisfaction of obliging, without ſeeming to claim any re-turn of gratitude.

Part of the winter paſſed without oc-caſioning any alteration in my ſituation; but the cloſe of it revived my apprehen-ſions. On the recovery of her ſtrength,

my mother came nearer to the court, and insensibly returned to her former ideas. My Lord Portland, whose daughter she intended for me, was then Viceroy of Ireland, and resided at Dublin with his whole family. But growing weary of the place, he desired, and obtained to be recalled, and gave notice of his speedy return to London. My mother seemed highly pleased at this; and spoke of it as an event, which ought both to interest and please me. I began to be under the greatest uneasiness. What objection could I make to this so suitable an alliance? Had I not already consented to the measures of Lady Lindsey? How could I attempt to frustrate them without some apparent reasons for my disapproving them? How support the thought of provoking her, and wounding her heart with so cruel a blow? There were times when, being moved with her goodness, and hoping every thing from her tenderness, I was for opening my whole heart to her, confessing my love, presenting Emma to her, throwing myself at her feet, and saying, You wish my happiness,

Oh!

Oh! condescend to secure it by granting me this beloved woman; let me hold her from a mother's hand, and all the wishes of my heart will be completed!

Being a thousand times on the point of pursuing these suggestions, I found myself with-held by my knowledge of Lady Lindsey's disposition. If ambition should shut her eyes to Emma's merit; if, seeing nothing in her but the daughter of a banished man; the cause of my disobedience, and an obstacle to her dearest wishes, she should exact of me the impossible sacrifice of my love, what reproaches did I prepare for myself! I should lose the precious advantage of living with my mother in an agreeable harmony, expose Miss Nesby to her resentment, and render my situation more embarassing and irksome.

By endeavouring to remove the evils we think ourselves threatened with, we often torment ourselves with an useless concern. Before my Lord Portland's arrival, I had the mortification to see my mother relapse into

a langour, whence there were little or no hopes to recover her. She was advifed to go into France, or to try whether her native air might not bring about an happy alteration: fhe determined on going into Scotland, and the thoughts of this journey, infenfibly effaced from her mind all other objects.

Nothing could difpenfe with my accompanying my mother, ferving her, and comforting her in a condition wherein my tendernefs and care were become fo neceffary to her. I muft therefore be feparated from Emma a fecond time. Should I quit her again without opening my heart to her; without founding the difpofition of hers; without knowing whether her ideas of happinefs agreed with my defires? Every thing convinced me of her efteem; fhe paid me great regard, and even a fort of preference: but I wifhed to infpire her with a more pleafing and tender fentiment. Abfence would foon deftroy part of the reafons which forced me to be filent; and yet, bound by my promife, and by the oaths which Sir Edmund had

exacted of me, I did not dare to break my word, or betray the confidence of a friend who had gone down to the grave in peace, in the comforting reliance on my honour. This engagement, frivolous perhaps, in the eyes of a man less scrupulous than myself, was become weighty and sacred in mine, when I recalled the affecting remembrance of the moment when I submitted to this law, which my interest would not allow me to break. Sometimes I purposed to inform Nelson of my sentiments; I could have been happy in speaking of Emma, of my love, and of my projects; but his humour and reserve made him a very improper person to gain my confidence. They very rarely inspire it, who are themselves incapable of shewing it to others.

After our return from Bath, I took a pleasure in introducing him to my friends. For some time he frequented company with a good deal of reluctance. Mrs. Howard's was the only house he appeared to take any delight in; insensibly he began to be very frequent in his visits at that Lady's, gained

the

the eſteem of her little parties, and ſoon became one of the number. By degrees I found him leſs gloomy, leſs careleſs in his dreſs and behaviour, and better bred; he began to reliſh and look out for amuſements. Miſs Neſby treated him with kindneſs. When I could not viſit her myſelf, I deſired Nelſon to carry her books, muſic, flowers, and a thouſand trifles ſhe amuſed herſelf with. He ſeemed to grow fonder of me; he even told me he intended to have his money remitted to England, to ſettle here, and never to quit me. I was delighted with this alteration in him, when chance made me diſcover in his heart as ſtrong a deſire to return to Carolina, as he had ſhewn eagerneſs to leave it.

As we were both walking one morning on the banks of the Thames, we ſtopped to look at a frigate that was getting under ſail. Nelſon's eyes were fixed on that veſſel, and purſued it, without ever quitting ſight of it. His ſighs, his agitation, and his motions ſtruck me. Whence ariſes that emotion in you, ſaid I? do you know the

people

people that are failing from us? They are going, cried he, how happy are they, how I envy their lot! And joining his hands, lifting his eyes to heaven, wet with tears; Oh delightful country, faid he, in a fad and paffionate accent, Places dear to my memory, have I for ever loft the hopes of breathing your delicious air!

Such inconfiftency and oddnefs aftonifhed me. He obferved my furprize, and feemed vexed that he had abandoned himfelf to a tranfport which had juft difcovered a defire fo contrary to his former converfation. I mufed; he held his peace; and we returned to my apartment without either of us breaking filence.

Notwithftanding the incomprehenfible character of the man, I had felt too ftrong a pleafure in obliging him to refufe that of ferving him once more. He would have quitted me at the door of my apartment; but I with-held him, and afked him the reafon of an act of diffimulation, which I had juft caufe to complain of. Why did he counterfeit

terfeit a desire to live in London? Why did he make preparations for accompanying me into Scotland, when every wish of his heart was turned towards his own country? Why did he conceal from me a desire so natural, and so easily satisfied.

My questions embarassed him. He viewed me with disturbed looks, as if he endeavoured to discover in my eyes whether my first reproaches were likely to be followed with complaints of a more serious nature. At last he told me, that, being just arrived at the age when the law made him master of his fortune, and having it in his power to draw it out of his uncle's hands, live independant, and chuse his own habitation, he should be happy to cross the seas, and visit once more, his native land; but so many difficulties, added he, still lie in the way to that design, that I fancied I ought neither to mention it, nor set my heart in earnest upon it. On this I rose, and taking six hundred guineas out of a drawer, and putting them before him, did

you think me capable, ſaid I, of refuſing you the means of making yourſelf happy?

He changed colour, heſitated, and ſeemed to conſult his inward thoughts; then blaming himſelf aloud for having heſitated a ſingle moment, thruſt back the gold I offered him, ſtarted up from his ſeat, [illegible] at a diſtance from me and the table; and appearing vexed, and hurt with my entreaties, Ceaſe, cried he, ceaſe to preſs me; what, ſhall I accept!—abuſe—no; honour forbids—may I rather periſh here, than ſee myſelf the undiſturbed poſſeſſor—No! never will I owe my happineſs to a meanneſs. He ſaid no more; walked about the room in great agitation, and drawing near, took me by the hand, and preſſing it; my dear Lindſey, ſaid he, I am not yet acquainted with all my weakneſs; you have been tempting a man who is unworthy of your friendſhip, the vile ſlave of his paſſions, ungrateful—Yes, I am ungrateful, it is out of my power to act otherwſie; my certainty of this breaks, tears my heart, and drives me to deſpair. Then throwing

throwing himſelf on a ſeat, he expreſſed all the marks of immoderate grief. Neither my careſſes nor prayers could prevail with him to explain himſelf: he interrupted me, with conjuring me not to render him contemptible in his own eyes: he wept, groaned, and called down on himſelf the moſt dreadful curſes. Never, never ſhall I quit England, cried he, if to return to my country I muſt prepare matter of ſhame and eternal reproach!

Oh, why was not his heart true; noble enough to unveil to me this ſtrange language? How could he reſiſt my affectionate entreaties? Honour would not allow him to accept a kindneſs at the hand of the only friend from whom he had any right to expect it: he confeſſed he was ungrateful, he ſeemed apprehenſive of becoming more ſo; no hint, no ſuſpicion could enable me underſtand him; in vain I preſſed him to ſpeak: he remained obſtinately ſilent, continued to reject my offers, one moment with ſigns of ſenſibility, the next with a

kind of horror, but ſtill with the ſame determined invincible firmneſs.

From the very inſtant in which his miſfortune and my own had linked us together, his actions, his diſcourſe, his whole behaviour was an impenetrable riddle to me. His humour was a perpetual contradiction to himſelf. In one thing, however, he was conſiſtent: while under the abſolute neceſſity of contracting obligations, he always ſhewed an extreme reluctance to accept the money I advanced him; he uſed the moſt ſcrupulous precautions to adjuſt the account, and to ſecure the payment. I ſmiled at his exactneſs, and chid him for his reſerve, without prevailing with him to be leſs thrifty in his expences. His pride kept him within what was indiſpenſably neceſſary, nor would he ever conſent to look on my fortune as a fund he might freely diſpoſe of.

The friend who dares not diſcharge his ſufferings, or pleaſures into our boſom, inſenſibly ceaſes to intereſt us. Mutual confidence is the ſoul of an intimate commerce, and

and without that, friendſhip is a ſentiment of no long duration. By degrees Nelſon loſt himſelf in my eſteem; and if I continued to live in the ſame familiarity with him, it was leſs in conſequence of my firſt regard, than from the conſideration I had of his ſituation. The leaſt complaint, the gentleſt reproach, might have induced him to deprive himſelf of my aſſiſtance, and remove from the only ſupport he had in Europe. I was accidentally informed of his impatience for the return of a ſhip which brought letters for him. The deſire of an anſwer, doubtleſs of a very intereſting nature, muſt detain him London; and yet, in conſequence of the apparent inconſiſtency of his conduct, he would accompany me into Scotland.—Oh! why did he not ſtay behind; why did not the winds, favourable to his ſchemes, bear him far from me! Happy! if the ſeas riſing between us—But what avail vain wiſhes? A powerful, and inviſible hand, ſeems to prepare events; to guide, conduct, and force us to walk in the path it chalks out before us. Feeble rea-

ſon,

ſon, unavailing prudence! is your power confined—to excite our repentance only.

The time when I was to experience all the pain and torment that can overwhelm a ſenſible ſoul, was already fixed by fate. The ſeaſon was advancing: my mother was making ready to ſet out, and my heart was oppreſſed with ſorrow at the approach of the inſtant which was to ſeparate me from Emma. I did not conceal my grief from her; I endeavoured to diſcover whether ſhe was affected with it. An uneaſy ſenſation made me obſerve her looks, words, and moſt indifferent actions. Since my return from Bath, ſhe appeared no longer the ſame. I fancied I obſerved a kind of difference in her conduct, and behaviour to me: if I had thought proper to complain of it, I ſhould have been at a loſs to expreſs the nature of this alteration in her, but I felt it: when my name was ſent in, though I was expected, it often occaſioned a ſurprize in her, and even a kind of horror: I found her more reſerved, more grave and ſilent. Each day added to the diſtance at which her affecting gravity,

vity, her too formal and exact politeness held me. She expressed a friendship for me, but no longer spoke to me with that freedom of mind, or that confidence which my regard for her, which time, and our long intimacy should have inspired. Her eyes were rarely fixed on mine, and if they were but for a moment, I could perceive in them a mixture of uneasiness, fear, and pity.—With what difficulty did I refrain from telling her, I love, I adore you. These words were for ever on my lips; I could only contain my transport, or preserve the empire over my senses, by a sudden flight. I often quitted the room on frivolous pretences, and returned on reasons still more so: Miss Nesby perceived my emotion, but never asked me the cause of it. How often, when on the point of speaking, hurried on by my passion, seizing her hand, trembling—Oh, my friend, your composed mind can never picture to itself the violent agitations of mine! Forgive me this tedious and useless detail. My heart, long since deprived of the satisfaction of opening itself, may possibly abuse the pleasure of pouring its grief

into yours. You promiſed me your tender pity, [illegible] refuſe me your indulgence. What a [illegible] remains to be told you! Muſt I recall images [illegible] dreadful, give myſelf up to ſuch tormenting recollections?—Allow me to break off for a while this diſtreſsful ſtory: it plunges me anew into the blackeſt deſpair, and into that dejection of mind you left me in.

Endeavour to excite the compaſſion of Madame de Monglas in my favour, and to prevail with her amiable friend to pity me. She alone can open to my mind a more conſoling proſpect. I already had ceaſed to form any more deſires, but now to render her happy, and contribute to her felicity! Oh! this is the hope which revives my dejected ſoul.

Will Mademoiſelle de Valiere conſent to owe her felicity to me? Will ſhe not reject the attention and wiſhes of an unfortunate man?—Her good ſenſe and noble ſentiments encourage me. Why ſhould ſhe puniſh me for the faults of chance, and un-

unavoidable deſtiny? Beautiful Sophia, I am ſure you will not dec[illegible]ecta-tion; you will mix yo[illegible]with mine, and then wipe them away; I ſhall recover with you that calm, that peace ſo long loſt: you will reſtore me to my reaſon, to the world, to myſelf, and to the delights of peace. Farewel, my dear Monglas, you ſhall ſoon receive the ſequel of thoſe events which intereſt the moſt tender and moſt ſincere of your friends.

⁂

My emotion and uneaſineſs made me run over this packet too haſtily, and read it without any great attention: at preſent, my dear, I am ſtruck with it. I! *not puniſh the faults of chance and unavoidable deſtiny*; *I! mix my tears with thoſe* of Lord Lindſey. He is *perſonally intereſted*, he ſays, in the beginning of his letter.—What! can the ties of blood unite me?—Seducing, vain hope, do not miſlead me.

My Lord Lindſey's laſt expreſſions have charmed Madam de Monglas; the

whole evening ſhe has been congratulating me on my being deſtined to baniſh from a tender heart, *that ſorrowful Emma, whoſe remembrance ſtill afflicts the intereſting, the generous Lord.* Oh! I can weep with my Lord Lindſey, pity him, and wiſh his tranquillity; but to comfort him, reſtore him to his peace of mind, create his happineſs, and owe mine to him; no, never, never.

LETTER XLIII.

I Have juſt learned by chance that M. de Germeuil is expected at the Count du Roure's towards the end of the week. He does not write to me; does he mean by returning thither, to ſee me; will he enquire after me? I dare not ſend him my letter, as ſeveral days are already paſſed, and as my firſt emotion can no longer juſtify me in my own eyes.—No, I cannot reſolve on it.

A thouſand anxieties perplex my heart. The ſequel of Lord Lindſey's narrative throws me into inconceivable trouble. I

ſend it you ; you will judge, by reading it, of thoſe ſentiments it muſt neceſſarily excite in my ſoul.

Letter from Lord Lindſey to M. de Monglas.

" THE kind reproaches of Madam de " Monglas are very flattering to me. As " I believe her curioſity to ariſe from ſenſibi- " lity, ſhe muſt give me leave to attribute her " eagerneſs to ſee the remaining part of my " manuſcript to the favourable opinion ſhe " honours me with. I beg you to aſſure " her of my gratitude, my reſpect, and the " concern I feel for not having it as yet in " my power to yield to her obliging re- " queſt.

" The laſt lines of my packet, you tell " me, *embarraſs* Madameſoille de Valiere, " and you congratulate me on the *intereſt* " ſhe begins *to take in the ſufferings of my* " *heart.* To *be uneaſy*, and to *ſympathiſe* " are very different ſentiments. But why " theſe inſinuations? Do not bewilder " your own ideas, or form any conjec-

" tures;

" ures; they would lead you into error.
" Beware, my friend, of *becoming the in-*
" *terpreter of my ſentiments*; they are un-
" known to you. You cannot poſſibly diſ-
" cover the ties which engage me to the
" amiable Sophia; ties dear, ſtrong, ſtrong-
" er a thouſand times than thoſe of nature
" or habit. Love, honour, and duty ren-
" der them indiſſoluble.

" This language, myſterious in appear-
" ance, will explain iſelf in proportion as
" you advance in the peruſal of my papers.
" Do not extend your views beyond their
" juſt limits, nor communicate them to any
" body. Oh! doubtleſs I ſhall ſtand in
" need of *your aſſiſtance* with Mademoiſelle
" de Valiere. You alone can aſk and ob-
" tain an important favour, a favour ar-
" dently deſired. Her complaiſance for
" you gives me hopes. Oh, Monglas,
" after a long tempeſt, how pleaſing is it
" to have the view of a calm. Happy if my
" expectation be not deceived; if your charm-
" ing friend conſent to reſtore peace to

" my heart, and to diffuse pleasure over the
" remainder of my days."

Lord Lindsey's second packet.

EVERY passing moment brought on the period which was to rob me of the pleasure of seeing or conversing with Emma: irresolute but gloomy and afflicting ideas, sharpened all my sorrows. Every day augmented the melancholy of my Ward; yet nothing could induce me to think that my approaching journey was the cause of it. I felt myself greatly agitated; a secret foreboding seemed to anounce to me what a scene of afflictions that journey was preparing for me. In vain I strove to sooth my inward sufferings by every reason capable of dispelling them. I was to leave Miss Nesby with a friend eager to oblige her; I did not believe her inspired with a predilection for any other man, nor with any inclination which could alarm me. All her amusements were limited to long walks with Helena in the environs of London;

solitary

fo[illegible] [illegible]ts where ſhe was accompanied by no friend. She received no viſits; her apartment was open to me only; my quality of guardian entitled me to free acceſs at every hour of the day; I had no reaſon to be jealous, and yet I gave myſelf up to the ſtrongeſt anxiety; my heart was ready to break at the thought of parting from her, without having diſcovered to her my own ſentiments, or being aſſured of hers.

I could have wiſhed to diſpenſe with taking leave of Miſs Neſby, but decorum would not allow of it. I dreaded that moment. Could I, on bidding her farewel, command the emotions of my heart, or reſtrain and conceal their violence? The evening before my departure, I waited on her before the hour when ſhe uſually went out. I found her in her cloſet in an undreſs, penſive and dejected; the alteration in her voice, the redneſs of her eyes ſhewed me ſhe had been weeping, and the air ſhe received me with, informed me how much ſhe wiſhed to conceal from my ſight the too apparent traces of her tears.

This diſcovery affected m[illegible] fi[illegible]y. What, cannot all my conſtant and diſin-tereſted aſſiduities procure me Miſs Neſby's friendſhip, and does ſhe ſtill treat me like a ſtranger? Will you ſtill conceal from me the ſubject of your grief, Madam, ſaid I, repreſſing with difficulty my ſtrong emotion, do you doubt my zeal and attachment? Whence ariſes this deep ſorrow? Why do you ſtrive to hide it from me? You weep, Madam, you weep, but do not condeſcend to diſcharge your ſorrows into the boſom of a friend! Have I deſerved this cruel miſ-truſt? Do you complain of my behaviour? I ſhould be very ungrateful, interrupted ſhe, were I to complain of ſo generous a friend. Reſerve is not always a ſign of miſtruſt; I have no ſecrets the communication of which could afford any relief to my heart, or prove my gratitude to my Lord Lindſey. My own reflections alone call forth my tears. And how can I avoid ſhedding them? Be-reft of my parents, and of the advantages of my birth; a ſtranger in my own country; living in the view of my father's enemies; melancholy, uneaſy, without rank or pro-tection;

te[illegible]ction ; [illegible]ſed and indiſtinct ideas fill my ſou[illegible]or : the paſt afflicts ; the future terrifies me. I cannot remain in London ; ſhould the daughter of a baniſhed man appear openly in that brilliant city ? Alas ! why did my father's will rob me of a retreat more ſuitable to my fortune ? Oh ! ſhould his and my misfortune involve you —A cruel deſtiny is continually endeavouring my ruin ; and perhaps it threatens you.—Here ſhe ſtopped, lifting up her eyes bathed in tears : Oh God all powerful ! cried ſhe, do not, no never permit the noble, the ſympathizing, the generous friend of my father, to ſhare the malignant influence of that cruel fate which purſues me.

What an emotion did her geſtures, her words raiſe in my ſoul. How I reproached myſelf with my long and painful ſilence, which I thought myſelf obliged to keep. The future terrified Emma; Emma grew uneaſy, and melancholy at being without protection ; and yet by concealing from her my love, my projects, and the arrangements

 of

of her father, I myſelf madr a prey [illegible] thoſe vain terrors. What, madam, ſaid I to her, have you forgotten that I have ſworn to make you happy? That Sir Edmund has made over his right to me, and truſted to me the care of your felicity? Dear Emma, baniſh your apprehenſions for ever, diſpel thoſe gloomy alarms; how can you fancy yourſelf without protection, ſince I am appointed the arbiter of your happineſs? Oh, my own depends on your quiet, on your peace! Remember your father's wiſhes, my oaths, the moment when our hands joined in his.—Great God! what a time do you retrace to my memory, cried Emma in a ſorrowful accent! The image of a dying father ſtill redoubles my fears. I inceſſantly think I hear his threatening voice; I imagine his ſoul hovers round me, complains, accuſes me, and ſtill retains the power to draw down the vengeance of heaven on a rebellious child; forced to break a hard, a cruel law, I ſhudder whilſt I think that his conditional bleſſing to me—Tranſported, beſide herſelf, ſhe roſe, joined her hands, and falling on her knees, pardon, cried ſhe,

all

all diſſolved in tears, Oh, my father, pardon thy unfortunate daughter, it was her duty to preſerve.—If too guilty in thy ſight ſhe is unworthy thy clemency, at leaſt let her be the only victim! Here her ſighs, her cries, and her groans choaked her voice. I raiſed her from the ground; ſhe threw herſelf on a ſeat, and hiding her face, wept bitterly.

What various ſenſations did the words and tears of Emma excite in my heart! An emotion of trouble and paſſion made me fall down at her feet, ſeize her hands and preſs them with ardour. Oh, were your father's ſpirit now to hover round you, ſaid I, it muſt be in order to prevail with you to confirm the ineſtimable gift he deigned to make me. He named me your huſband, and appointed me the depoſitary of his authority: I will uſe it, but it is only with a view to calm your mind and eaſe your heart. Emma, my dear Emma, my ſiſter, my friend, the object of my reſpect, my veneration, my love, and my deſires? Pronounce my deſtiny and your own; ſovereign miſtreſs of

your inclinations and of mine, approve or reject my vows. Oh, I cannot confent to obtain you by the will of Sir Edmund? Be free, Madam, I give you back your promifes, extorted poffibly from you in my favour; I refign all my right to you; to you I facrifice all my hopes; but grant me your friendfhip and confidence; vouchfafe to anfwer me in the fincerity of your heart, who occafions your alarms, whence fpring fuch tormenting terrors, what are thofe laws you have been *forced to break*, what *valuable poffeffion* is it you would *preferve*; why do you call yourfelf *a rebellious child?* Even fhould you overwhelm me with grief by revealing this fecret, yet fpeak, madam, fpeak; difpel the anxiety which your tears and alarms have juft excited in my heart.

I cannot, no, I cannot do it, replied Emma in a forrowful accent. A black foreboding—If I expofed only my own life by breaking filence, I fhould think I owed that facrifice to your generous friendfhip. Ceafe, my Lord, ceafe to prefs me; leave my fatal fecrets to myfelf; for ever feparate

your interefts from mine: bred far from the world, in the lap of mifery, I am not fated to make you happy. Forget an unfortunate woman, too fenfible of your kindnefs not to blufh at appearing ungrateful; allow me to difengage you from all the cares which my father prefumed to lay upon you; permit me to quit a houfe, where too much fplendour furrounds me; a plain dwelling, and an obfcure retreat are more fuitable to my fortune. It is in obfcurity and folitude that I muft feek that peace which you wifh me to enjoy.

Thefe words of Emma, fuch ftrange and unlooked for propofals, pierced my heart with a thoufand pangs. She confeffed a fecret, and refufed to truft me with it. She was afraid of appearing ungrateful; my affiduities conftrained her; fhe wifhed to withdraw herfelf from them: I collected feveral circumftances into one view; I remembered her reluctance to quit Beauford, the article in the will, which excluded every man *born out of Great Britain:* doubtlefs when fhe followed me into England, fhe

left fome beloved object in Carolina. But how came fhe to appear to dread the threats and curfes of her father? Could the choice of fo fenfible a young woman difpleafe her parents to that degree as to be pofitively rejected? Torn by thefe perplexing reflections, I fixed my eyes on Mifs Nefby; how her looks moved me! Affected, melted, and animated with the defire of drying up her tears, I could not help crying out, feparate your intereft from mine, who, I, Madam! faid I to her. Oh, this is the only facrifice I cannot make you. Difpofe of my fortune, my liberty, my life; lay any commands upon me; ever ready to fubmit, I fwear at your feet to complete all your wifhes, to obey your will. Securely, Madam, fecurely confide in my honour; it is a tender, fincere, an ardent friend who preffes, nay conjures you to lay open your heart to him. Are you engaged? Do you lament the lofs of a dear lover? Muft I reftore you to that happy man? Crofs the feas to lofe you for ever? Oh I will conduct you back to thofe lamented fhores, and on parting from you will bedew them with my tears; but Emma,

my dear Emma, ſhall ſhed no more, and her happineſs ſhall comfort me for the eternal loſs of my own.

The lovely girl ſighed, and caſting a timid look on me, fixed her eyes on the ground, bluſhed, heſitated, and attempted to ſpeak: then looking at me again, in a low trembling voice, I lament not the abſence of a lover, ſaid ſhe, it is not a lover who makes my tears to flow; happineſs does not await me in thoſe countries where my father has forbid me to live, but in them I could at leaſt get rid of ſome part of my terrors. I ſhould live alone under the weight of thoſe dreadful imprecations called down on my head: and ſhould never fear their extending to the only objects of all my affections.

And who then, Madam, who are thoſe objects of ſo tender an anxiety? ſaid I, with inconceivable confuſion; there are then exiſting *objects of your affections*; name them to me, they ſhall become the objects of mine likewiſe. Every thing you take an intereſt

in,

in, every thing that you love, may become dear to me. She appeared to waver; I saw her perplexity and emotion. I redoubled my entreaties; ſhe yielded: I was on the point of learning the ſecrets of her ſoul, when a number of voices were heard. I roſe up precipitately; Miſs Neſby withdrew farther from me in extreme confuſion; the door opened, when Helena came in, and introduced Mrs. Howard and Nelſon.

On what ſlender circumſtances does the fate of wretched mortals depend! Fatal interruption! One inſtant more had diſcloſed the ſecrets of a heart ſo long concealed, and prevented all the miſchiefs which Miſs Neſby dreaded. Her fears would have vaniſhed immediately on her diſcovering their cauſe, and ſhe would have found in her paſſionate lover, a tender and indulgent friend. Dear Emma you had ſtill lived, your happy huſband, had ſeen all his rights confirmed by my conſent; the remembrance of me had been engraven in your memory; your pleaſures and your happineſs would have for ever recalled my idea to you—Alas! ſhe is

no more. Vain complaints! vain ſorrow!—May ſhe, at leaſt, who retraces to me ſo affecting an image, relent in my favour, and think me ſufficiently puniſhed.—Oh You, who owe the tribute of your tears to the unfortunate woman whoſe ſad fate calls for mine, condeſcend to pity me, and lament her with me. From the grave ſhe ſends you a father—Oh, I feel all the ſweet the tender affection of one; let me enjoy the title; and I will diſcharge all its duties. I ſwear by Emma, by her ever reverend aſhes, by the immortal ſentiment which attaches me to her memory, which renders it ever dear, ever adored!

That day, the laſt of my tranquillity, had been fixed on by the Princeſs of Wales to viſit a cabinet of natural curioſities, which Lady Lindſey made her whole delight, and the object of an amuſing ſtudy. I was ſent for by her. Nelſon acquainted me with it, adding, that ſhe would be very uneaſy if the Princeſs arrived before me. He pronounced theſe few words in ſo low a voice, that I could with difficulty hear them.

them. Too much engaged with my own cares, to obſerve his, I went to beg him to return to Lady Lindſey's, to acquaint her he had not found me, when I was ſtruck with his extreme paleneſs; I ſaw him ſtagger, look for ſomewhat to lean againſt, and fall on a ſopha, where he lay without ſtrength or knowledge. Miſs Neſby ſhrieked out, and Mrs. Howard and I ran to aſſiſt him: he ſoon came to himſelf, ſeemed vexed at the accident, attributed his weakneſs to the ſmell of the flowers in the cloſet, which, he ſaid, always made him faint away: we went into another room. I wiſhed to find myſelf alone again with Emma; but Mrs. Howard's calling for tea, and ſeeming not diſpoſed to quit Miſs Neſby the remaining part of the morning, I took my leave of both; determined however not to ſet off without an explanation ſo neceſſary to my repoſe. I acquainted Helena, as I was going out, with my intention to return in the evening, and deſired her to prevail with her miſtreſs to meet me in her apartment. I obſerved an air of pity on the girl's countenance; her melancholy

looks redoubled the affliction of my heart; ſhe ſeemed to withhold the tears that ſtood ready to trickle, and I heard her fetch a deep ſigh the inſtant I quitted her.

With what perplexity of mind did I aſſiſt my mother in receiving the Princeſs; with what impatience did I diſcharge this indiſpenſable duty; how long did the day appear; how did I wiſh it to end! However, at laſt I found myſelf at liberty; I ran, I flew where anxiety, fear, and a thouſand confuſed ſentiments called me. When I was ready to enter Miſs Neſby's apartment, a violent palpitation of heart ſlackened my pace: I approached her door trembling, I knocked, no anſwer was made; I knocked louder and the door was opened; it was Mrs. Howard who appeared; ſhe came out of the room, made me a ſign to be ſilent, carried me into another room, and informed me that Miſs Neſby was ill, that ſhe had been juſt put to bed, was very weak, and ſtood in need of reſt. Vexed at this croſs accident, I inſiſted on ſeeing her, and ſpeaking to her but for one moment;

my

my friend objected, decency and the danger of disturbing Miss Nesby's sleep, which was so necessary. Being forced to comply, I recommended her to the care and assiduity of Mrs. Howard. I withdrew, filled with inexpressible affliction. I found myself obliged to set off, not only with the concern of not seeing Emma, but likewise with the grief of leaving her ill, and of having possibly been the occasion of her disorder, by obstinately insisting on tearing from her this secret of her heart.

My uneasiness kept me awake the whole night. In the morning a note from Helena, calmed my anxiety; she assured me that the accident of her mistress would be attended with no bad consequences; that *a long and quiet sleep had just restored her health and strength.* This comforting note put me in a condition to set out on my journey with less uneasiness. Alas! I did not foresee either Emma's destiny or my own: the irrevocable doom was already pronounced against me! I was never to see her more, never to hear the dear accents of

her voice; ſeparated for ever from her, that lovely, that unfortunate girl was never more to excite, in my ſoul, any but the moſt painful ſenſations, bitter recollections, and endleſs regret.

The firſt days after our arrival at Edinburgh anſwered the expectation of thoſe who had preſcribed that journey to my mother. She ſeemed a great deal better. This happy effect of the change of air gave me joy, but that was of ſhort duration: ſoon my hopes vaniſhed, and every thing conſpired to augment my ſufferings.

I received ſeveral letters from Miſs Neſby; the weak melancholy condition ſhe found her ſelf in, would not allow he, ſhe ſaid, to enter into the particulars I aſked of her. Mrs. Howard's letters likewiſe confirmed the account of the weakneſs ſhe complained of; they threw me into vague apprehenſions; her guarded and even myſterious expreſſions ſeemed to prepare me for eclairciſſements, and to forbode a moſt fatal diſcovery. Her ſilence, during ſeveral poſts, filled

filled me with the most dreadful fears. What was my surprize on receiving an explanation so long expected? In what a situation did they describe Miss Nesby? How was I grieved to see her sink into a state of melancholy capable of raising in me such strange suspicions.

" I was always unwilling to entertain an " idea, *Mrs. Howard wrote me*, which the " conduct and actions of this young person " gave me of her; but my last observations " have forced me to adopt it. Shall I tell " you, my friend? For some months past her " reason seems impaired. Filled with fan- " tastic objects, her imagination delivers " her over to terrors which mark the dis- " traction of her mind. Sometimes mo- " tionless, plunged into gloomy medita- " tion, she recovers herself all trembling; " then appears surprised, astonished, and full " of terror. At other times, shrieks and " exclamations of sorrow burst from her. " She throws herself on the ground, weeps, " prays, and implores the assistance of hea- " ven. Often she calls on her father, asks

" him

" him pardon, conjures him to releaſe her " from her oath, and to deliver her from " the weight of the curſes which hang over " her head. She is already puniſhed, ſhe " ſays, rigorouſly puniſhed! One of my " maids, who was ordered to take care of " her while Helena was ill, heard her " moaning the whole night; in the day " ſhe ſaw her writing, cloſe her letter, " break it open again, tear it weeping, then " reſume her pen, begin to write again, and " then tear a ſecond time what ſhe had " juſt written. She is never calm, never " at eaſe: all my entreaties, friendſhip, and " careſſes, cannot prevail on her to quit " her apartment. Since your departure ſhe " has never been out of it. My aſſiduities " are irkſome to her; ſhe conjures me to " give myſelf no concern about her; ſhe is " afraid of making me melancholy; ſhe " wiſhes ſhe were no more, that ſhe had " never been; ſhe deſires to conceal her- " ſelf from every body—Engaging, un- " happy girl! How am I moved at her " ſituation. At her age, ſo deep a grief, " ſuch ſtrong impreſſions! And who can oc-

" caſion

" casion this? Has ſhe met with any afflic-
" tions lately? No ſuch thing; every circum-
" ſtance confirms me in the opinion which
" I have embraced after much thought,
" and makes me ſuſpect a bewildered intel-
" lect in this charming creature. If, how-
" ever, you are acquainted with any cauſe
" of her fears, if you know whence her a-
" larms proceed, you will oblige me ex-
" tremely to communicate them. Indeed
" Miſs Neſby afflicts, afflicts me very ſen-
" ſibly."

I ran over this letter in an agony which every line redoubled; I read it over and over an hundred times. I did not adopt the notions of Mrs. Howard, for I made no doubt of her being miſtaken. Can perſons at their eaſe, whoſe whole compaſſion is exerciſed on objects foreign to their heart, can they conceive the effects of a deep and pungent ſorrow? Or can one ſoul determine the degree of ſenſibility in another ſoul? I did not imagine my Ward's reaſon impaired, and yet her ſituation made me weep. The image of Emma, bathed in tears, ſolitary,

afflicted, terrified with cruel reflections, and by secret apprehensions presented itself continually to my mind: pierced with her sorrows, and devoured by my own; tormented, notwithstanding all my endeavours, with a jealous anxiety, my situation appeared so terrible that I was astonished how I could support it. Alas, I was ignorant, at that time, how much more afflicting it would soon become.

My letters, which were the tenderest imaginable; my pressing entreaties and ardent prayers, my repeated vows to conform in every thing to her pleasure, to complete all her wishes, gained me, it is true, from Miss Nesby, assurances of her esteem, friendship, and gratitude, but not one mark of her confidence! She had no secrets, she said, of any importance for me to know, at least at present; she would one day unveil to me the motives of a silence, which weighty and very dear concerns exacted of her at present; think no longer, she repeated to me, of an unfortunate woman, add not to my torments the sad certainty of having disturbed the

happineſs of a friend, whoſe goodneſs and virtues ſhall always live in my heart.

How much did I regret being at ſuch a diſtance from her, after the promiſe ſhe made to open her heart to me! Had it been poſſible for me to go to London, with what ſwiftneſs would I have flown to her; but the ſtate of Lady Lindſey's health did not permit me ſo much as to deſire to leave her for one moment. Nelſon never quitted me; his aſſiduities to my mother were tender, his care very affectionate; he ſpent whole days in her apartment; he was anxious like me, he grieved with me, and often we mingled our tears. Theſe proofs of his ſenſibility, and of a real attachment, revived my former affection, and gave new life to that friendſhip which the oddity of his character had cooled without extinguiſhing. In one of thoſe hours, therefore, when his heart ſympathiſed in my ſadneſs, and when mine felt a need of opening itſelf, I communicated the ſecret of my love to him, my apprehenſions, my ſtate of uncertainty, with all the circumſtances that

made

made my paſſion ſo tormenting, and my abſence from her ſo cruel and unſupportable.

His emotion whilſt he heard me, the various changes in his countenance, and the viſible marks of his pity, convinced me of the concern he took in my ſituation, and in that of Emma. He read over Mrs. Howards letters, ſeveral times: he pitied Miſs Neſby, and me ſtill more. And yet he could not conceive how I could love a perſon with ſo much ardour, whoſe behaviour ſeemed to give me no hopes of a return: that doubtleſs Miſs Neſby had ſhewn me leſs indifference at Carolina; he engaged me to relate to him all that had paſſed during my ſtay at Beauford; he was never weary with hearing me dwell on ſuch uniform particulars; but far from encouraging me in hopes, which I took a pleaſure in entertaining, he laid before me all the reaſons capable of extinguiſhing my love, and making me renounce my ſchemes. To unite myſelf with Miſs Neſby would, he ſaid, revive the hatred of her father's enemies,

 and

and provoke their anger againſt me: would they ſuffer patiently that Sir Edmund's daughter ſhould obtain the preference before an heireſs of their family? That, being enraged at this alliance, they would raiſe up powerful obſtacles to my advancement, and poſſibly might be able to ſtop me in the brilliant career which my birth, fortune, and perſonal qualities opened before me. I could anſwer nothing to objections whoſe force I felt without being influenced by them. Ambition and love rarely dwell together in the ſame heart, and mine rejected every thing which ſeparated me from Emma.

The moſt alarming ſymptoms gave warning of Lady Lindſey's approaching end. The radical heat which kept up life preyed upon itſelf. Every moment threatened me with an irreparable loſs. Every other affliction gave way to the affecting ſight which a dying mother preſented to my view; her condition took up all my thoughts, when a letter from Mrs. Howard added new ſtings to my ſorrow, by acquainting me with a

piece

piece of news as afflicting as it was unexpected. Miſs Neſby was no longer at that Lady's; ſhe had juſt quitted her houſe, and the town, in order to reſide in the country.

" Without acquainting me with her de-
" ſign, ſays my friend, without ſaying a
" word of it till the very minute ſhe
" was getting ready to leave my houſe,
" Miſs Neſby has juſt quitted a family
" where every one ſtrove to ſerve and pleaſe
" her. She is moved into a neat farm
" houſe, about five Miles from London,
" whither I conducted her myſelf. She
" lodges in a ſmall apartment detached
" from the main body of the houſe. A
" thick tufted grove ſhades this plain dwel-
" ing, and a living ſtream keeps up its
" verdure and adorns the rural ſcene. The
" ſtrongeſt remonſtrances I could make on
" the inconveniences of ſuch a ſolitude;
" my offer to carry her into the country to
" the ſeat of one of my relations, with all
" my endearing careſſes; nothing could
" prevail on this ſtrange young woman:
" ſhe inſiſts on living alone; her languiſh-

" ing condition; the melancholy ſhe muſt
" inſpire, engage her, ſhe ſays, to fly from
" the world, and not tire out, with her
" dejection, and ſourneſs of humour, the
" few friends who are condeſcending enough
" to intereſt themſelves about her."

What fears did this inconſiderate ſtep excite in my ſoul? So young, ſo beautiful, of ſo diſtinguiſhed, ſo remarkable a figure, without protection, and without defence; expoſed to the bold and profligate attacks of a number of vicious, ſubtle, daring men, always ready to ſpread their nets for innocence. The modeſt ſimplicity of her thoughts concealed thoſe dangers from her which I ſhuddered to think of. Nelſon was as much alarmed at it as myſelf. And why does ſhe treat me with ſo little confidence, ſaid I; why did ſhe not communicate to me her deſire of living in the country? Before I ſet out, I would have conveyed her to one of my ſeats: there ſhe would have had women to attend on her, and old truſty ſervants who would have watched over her ſafety. Alone, with a girl of the age of Helena, both of them

ſtrangers,

ſtrangers, without any acquaintance with the manners and libertine behaviour of the inhabitants of the capital; five miles from London! Surrounded by people who have no inducement to eſpouſe her intereſt, or to trouble themſelves about her! In what an unlucky time do theſe tormenting apprehenſions attack me! When I cannot fly to the affiſtance of Emma, and ſave her from a danger the mere thoughts of which alarm all my ſenſes. Great God, if I were to loſe her, if ſhe were to be torn from me, and if I were never, never to ſee Emma more!

Would to heaven, cried Nelſon impatiently, would to heaven Sir Edmund's daughter had never been ſeen by you! What fatality led you ſo far from your country to form this unlucky connexion? And what powerful tie binds you? Is it poſſible that ſo violent a paſſion could remain ſo long concealed? What! was Miſs Neſby never acquainted with your ſentiments; did ſhe never give you hopes, how is that credible? No, your heart has not

intirely difclofed itfelf; Emma, pleafed with your affiduity, muft have formerly difcovered her fenfibility, or at leaft feemed difpofed——Without troubling yourfelf about thefe fruitlefs enquiries, faid I, bear with my weaknefs, comply with my defires; it is not enough to pity me; if I am dear to you, ferve me on this interefting occafion; hafte, my friend, fly to London, join with Mrs. Howard in your endeavours to draw Emma from a retreat fo unfuitable, fo unfafe. I fhall be for ever indebted to you if you prevail on her to oblige me this once, this only time.

Surprife, emotion, and confufion were by turns painted on Nelfon's face. Prevail on her to oblige you, faid he, who I? And fetching a deep figh caft his eyes on the ground, and funk into a deep thoughtfulnefs. His trouble and his filence aftonifhed me. What, faid I, do you hefitate to do me this fervice? Is this requeft too much for your friendfhip?

' Why cannot I convince you of it at the

expence of my life; of that friendſhip which you ſeem to doubt, cried he with paſſion: yes, I would wiſh with the price of my blood, to give you the ſincereſt marks of my zeal and gratitude: if you knew what ſenſations oppreſs my ſoul—With what regret—Oh, Lindſey, to quit, to leave you in ſo melancholy a ſituation—Your ſufferings have ſharpened all mine; they afflict, and overwhelm me, I cannot ſupport the bitterneſs with which they ſting my heart! So ſaying, he withdrew a little from me, and leaning on the back of a chair, good God, good God, repeated he in accents choaked with grief, what ſhall I do! And fixing on me his eyes bathed in tears, why cannot you read the ſecrets of my inmoſt ſoul, ſaid he, why have I not the power to explain to you all that diſtracts me!

Greatly moved with ſo tender an affection, and with the motive which kept him back, I ran to him, and preſſing him to my boſom, conjured him to moderate the emotions with which I felt myſelf too ſtrongly affected. Oh my friend, my generous

 friend,

friend, ſaid he, embracing me with ardour, if you would—if you could—That noble heart of yours, is it incapable of a ſtrong effort? Mine groans with that paſſion which hurries you along: ceaſe to employ your thoughts on a girl from whom every motive muſt keep you at a diſtance; give way to her deſires, leave to herſelf the care of her deſtiny; dread the misfortunes which purſue her and her family —— Some dark omen makes me tremble—She herſelf urges you to forget her, ſhe herſelf dreads —For heaven's ſake do not perſiſt any longer—Is it poſſible, ſaid I, interrupting him, that you ſhould take ſo little concern in the fate of that charming creature? How can you adviſe me to abandon her, and to betray the truſt repoſed in me by her father? Why do you oppoſe a paſſion which is become the habitual ſentiment of my heart? Forget Miſs Neſby! I cannot wiſh to deſire it! But we loſe precious moments in this fruitleſs diſpute: Oh! if any accident ſhould force us to repent their loſs! I cannot ſupport the idea of the dangers to which the ſmalleſt delay expoſes Emma.

Do

Do you wiſh to ſerve me, do you wiſh to acquire an everlaſting title to my gratitude? Set out, but ſet out this moment; every inſtant that runs on, heightens my anxiety and ſorrow.

Well, your wiſhes ſhall be complied with, I will go, replied Nelſon, ſince it muſt be ſo. If I heſitated, your intereſt, and Lady Lindſey's ſituation could alone occaſion my indeciſion. What a loſs you are likely to have! How will you ſupport yourſelf!—Dear Lindſey, amidſt the torments and the afflictions which will ſoon rend your generous breaſt, call to mind the tears I ſhed at this moment. If my journey ſhould not anſwer your expectation; if you ſhould feel new ſorrows, lay the blame on chance and a cruel deſtiny, but never, never on a wretch who laments in your arms his inability to procure your happineſs!

How came it that Nelſon's extreme compaſſion for me, his broken expreſſions, and his fears did not make me ſuſpect the ſad

 truth?

truth? Did he not ſeem to bid me an eternal farewel, and to give me to underſtand that his journey would occaſion me *many a pang?* That Miſs Neſby was preparing to ſtab me to the ſoul! Why, Monglas, why did I not underſtand him! But having long been accuſtomed to the warmth of his expreſſions, and to the vehemence of his tranſports, and being myſelf anxious and in agitation, I diſcovered nothing in his words but his regret on quitting me, too ſtrong, perhaps, for the occaſion; and the mere fear of not ſucceeding in a negotiation to which my paſſion annexed ſo much importance.

More ſenſible of the friendſhip of Nelſon, than attentive to his motions, I aſſured him I ſhould never be ſo unjuſt as to charge him with the want of ſucceſs in a meaſure which my entreaties and his complaiſance had engaged him in. He grew more compoſed: I began to explain to him my intentions, and the plan I had laid for Miſs Neſby's happineſs and ſafety. I had a ſeat near Windſor, moſt delightfully ſituated. If my ward felt any reluctance to return to Mrs. Howard's,

ard's, I wiſhed her to retire to this enchanting ſolitude. An order from my hand, would be ſufficient to make her abſolute miſtreſs of it. And I intended likewiſe that ſhe ſhould at the ſame time become miſtreſs of her fortune.

The evening before my departure I carried Miſs Neſby twelve thouſand pounds in bank notes, with an ideal account, the articles whereof were calculated to conceal from her knowledge the ſmall ſum I preſumed to add to her patrimony. Her affliction and her tears made me forget every thing in the morning; and her accident did not permit me to ſee her in the evening. I gave theſe bank notes to Nelſon. You will deliver them to Miſs Neſby, ſaid I, and from this moment I declare her independent: let her no longer conſider me as the depoſitary of Sir Edmund's authority; I diveſt myſelf of my right to controul her inclinations, or to puniſh her diſobedience: it is no longer her guardian, it is her friend who ſolicits her favour: for the obtaining it, I rely on her goodneſs; reaſon and prudence

prudence muſt determine her to grant it me. If ſhe conſent to retire to my houſe, I will give her every proof of my gratitude ſhe can poſſibly require of me. Say no more to her, my dear Nelſon, neither mention to her my paſſion nor my hopes. She knows her father's arrangements, and the ardour of my deſires: at liberty as to her conduct and ſentiments, ſhe muſt pronounce on my deſtiny, and I ſubmit myſelf to the generoſity of her heart.

Nelſon took the papers, I gave him, ran over the articles of the account of my receipt, and laying it on the table with the bank notes, neither does this ſum belong to Miſs Neſby, ſaid he, nor ſuppoſing it did, ought you to part with it. Have you forgotten the conditions of her father's will? If ſhe does not comply with them, Lady Walters may demand of you the inheritance of her relation, and claim the money actually depoſited in your hands. What trifles, anſwered I, make you uneaſy? Did I not fear to offend Miſs Neſby, half my fortune ſhould have been applied in the ſame

manner

manner with that trifling ſum. No conſideration ſhould with-hold me: Oh, but if ſhe ſhould not fulfil theſe conditions; if her heart and hand be the portion of another, what ſignify all the riches in the world to me?

I ſhall ſay no more, replied Nelſon, with a dejected look. He then roſe, rung, ordered a poſt chaiſe and horſes; and while he was buſy in preparing himſelf for his journey, I wrote letters to Mrs. Howard, to Miſs Neſby, and to the houſe-keeper at my ſeat. Nelſon came back; I ſealed my letters; word was brought that the poſt-chaiſe was ready: we embraced ſeveral times. With what grief do I quit you, my dear Lindſey, repeated he, what cruel emotions does this moment, this ſeparation excite within me! May heaven watch over the life of my noble friend; be his comfort; ſhower down on him its moſt benign influence; load him with every bleſſing—Here his tears choaked his voice: he forced himſelf from my arms, threw himſelf out of the room, ran down ſtairs, and leaped into his poſt-

chaiſe.

chaise. I heard him set off in a kind of agony; I was astonished at his extreme trouble: but this was not the first time that this passionate temper had given me surprize, and my own sensations did not allow me to reflect on his.

The time requisite for Nelson's journey passed over without either diminishing or encreasing my anxiety: I counted the hours and the moments; I waited impatiently for the day which was to bring me news from London. That day came and passed away; but I received no letters from the only persons I wished to hear from with so much ardour.

Delivered over to the torment of a lingering expectation, every post-day redoubled my trouble and alarms. I had no news either from Mrs. Howard, Miss Nesby, or Nelson! Why should all three keep this alarming silence? What event did my friends then conceal from me. Unable to support this state of trouble and uncertainty, I sent an express to London; his return o-

verwhelmed

verwhelmed me with grief. Mrs. Howard, who had been dangerously ill for near a month, was then beginning to recover, but not without some apprehensions of a relapse: Nelson was not to be found, either at her house or mine; Miss Nesby had lately quitted her abode, and nobody at the farm-house knew whither she had retired.

That moment in which this sad intelligence was brought me, I may look on as the bitterest in all my life. While I was attending to my messenger's story, the piercing shrieks of Lady Lindsey's women brought me back to her chamber: what a sight was there awaiting me! I heard my mother pronounce my name.—Oh, I think I still hear the feeble and moving accents of her voice! She held out her arms to me—Let us quickly pass over this afflicting remembrance. O my mother, my affectionate, my revered mother! What bitterness must have troubled the peace of your last moments, could you have foreseen that the tranquillity, happiness, and all the hopes of your son were to be forever lost when you was—I lost her.

Monglas, ſhe expired in my arms.—How comes it that ſufferings ſo exquiſitely felt, do not tear to pieces this frail machine, which ſinks beneath much weaker? How was I able to reſiſt!—But, being condemned to ſuffer for a long time, I was to find affliction in every object that was dear to me. To be robbed of a miſtreſs whom I adored, and, to complete my horrors, to give with my own arm the fatal wound which was to pierce her heart!

So ſoon as I had performed the laſt ſad offices of a ſon and of a friend, and depoſited the mortal remains of my mother in the ſame vault where reſt the aſhes of my anceſtors, my ſoul a prey to dejection, and my mind filled with the moſt gloomy ideas, I made haſte to quit Edinburgh, and took the road to London.

What tormenting thoughts accompanied the ſad certainty of having loſt all traces of Miſs Neſby! Oh, why did ſhe conceal from me her meaſures, her retreat, and her deſigns? Could the avowal of my paſſion make

make her fear and ſhun me? Did ſhe hate me? What was become of Nelſon, why did he leave me ignorant of the ſucceſs of his endeavours? After the moſt exact en-quiry I found that, ſince his departure, no body had been detained on the road by any accident. Sometimes, when I recollected his capricious temper, the extreme ſingu-larity of his actions and behaviour, I ima-gined he was embarked and gone abroad. An opportunity might have offered, and determined him to return to his native country; but would he have quitted Eng-land without writing to me? On a ſuppo-ſition that Miſs Neſby, having quitted her retreat before his arrival in London, could neither be found nor heard of, would he not have gone to Mrs. Howard's, and left in her hands the depoſit which had been entruſted to him? I could not harbour any mean ſuſpicions of a man, with whoſe noble pride I was ſo well acquainted. All my notions wandered; nothing could fix them, I loſt myſelf in vain conjectures, and my ſorrows were embittered by my apprehen-ſions leſt Miſs Neſby ſhould become expoſ-

ed to diſagreeable ſhifts. As ſhe was both friendleſs and without protection, I could not help conſidering her as reduced for a ſubſiſtence to the neceſſity of making away with her trinkets and jewels; funds which inſatiable avarice and unfair dealing render of little value, when neceſſity urges us to ſuch reſources.

Two hours after my arrival in London, I went to Mrs. Howard's. She was beginning to recover of her long illneſs, and I found her diſpoſed to ſhare in all the ſufferings of my heart. Ever ſince ſhe began to grow better, ſhe had employed her utmoſt care to find out the abode of Miſs Neſby, but without any ſucceſs. However ſhe fancied ſhe was ſtill in London. A few days before, one of her maids had ſeen her in a carriage croſſing Groſvenor-Square; ſhe did what ſhe could to follow her, but as the coach drove exceeding faſt it was ſoon out of ſight.

The notion of my Ward's being in or near town, revived my hopes of finding her out;

but all the pains which my friend was so good to take, gave no insight into the strange conduct of a sensible girl, who, certainly, had not withdrawn herself from the knowledge of the world and of her friends, without very strong reasons to justify to her own mind a step so extraordinary, and in appearance so imprudent. But who could guess at these reasons? Mrs. Howard, seeing that I had no suspicions, concealed her own from me, though of a very serious nature; they effaced her first ideas concerning Emma's melancholy; but the goodness of her heart would not allow her to communicate them, for fear she might be mistaken, and wrong the unfortunate young woman whom she pitied.

On quitting her, I went to the farm-house where Miss Nesby had lodged. The apartment next the garden was to let; I asked to see it. They shewed me into the little wing. With what emotion did I survey places formerly inhabited by Emma: my eyes were fixed on every object that had formerly engaged her attention; I was looking

ing about for ſome traces of her abode in this humble dwelling, when I perceived a piece of white paper rumpled; I took it up, and found it to be the cover of the bank notes which I had entruſted to Nelſon. I could not poſſibly be miſtaken, having ſealed the packet with a ſeal, the impreſſion of which was ſingular and very remarkable.

This proof of Nelſon's arrival in London, and of his having diſcharged this part of the commiſſion he had been entruſted with, diſpelled one of my moſt tormenting apprehenſions. I no longer conſidered Emma as on the point of falling into a ſtate of indigence; but then what ſuſpicions accompanied the comforting idea to know ſhe was ſecure from want. What! both diſappeared, both ſilent, both concealing their retreat! Were they privy to and embarked in the ſame deſign; did one intereſt, one ſentiment unite them againſt me; could Nelſon have robbed me of Emma! Still rejecting the thought of ſo black a treachery, I enquired for the landlord and landlady of the houſe,

houfe, and owning myfelf the guardian of the young lady who had been their lodger, I prevailed on them to give me an exact account of her conduct and actions.

The farmer's wife told me, that for the firft days fhe received no vifits except thofe of a Lady from London; but that about the beginning of the month, a very handfome young man, of a diftinguifhed figure, either newly arrived from his travels or the country, came to fee her, and difcovered great affiduity about her. That he ufed to come very early in the morning, and go away pretty late in the evening. That he himfelf fent away Mifs Nefby's trunks, brought a carriage, paid them very handfomly for their trouble, and fet off with her. That Mifs Nefby appeared dejected, and even ill, and that her chambermaid feemed to the full as dejected, and weaker than herfelf. If you take any concern in that fweet and charming woman, faid fhe, you may well pity her, my Lord. I know not what power this man has over her, but he often treats her with a kind of harfhnefs. While my maids were helping

Helena to put the apartment in order, they often heard him terrify the young lady with threats, and afflict her with reproaches; he was for ever chiding her for being uneasy for the fate of another; whilst she accused him of ingratitude; their disputes were warm and long. He flies into a passion, she groans and weeps, then he falls down on his knees, asks her pardon, wipes away her tears, appeases and comforts her, but this calm is of no long duration. Certainly she is not happy, and if it be not yet too late, I wish for her sake your lordship may be lucky enough to part her from a man whose natural temper seems cloudy and passionate.

The sorrow which the discourse of this woman gave me cannot be expressed. Oh Monglas! What a mysterious veil was now on the point of being removed. My eyes, so long shut, opened at last; every thing cleared up before me. I now saw that Nelson, Emma's lover, was doubtless the object of that article in the will, which excluded every stranger from Sir Edmund's alliance,

and the cause of those tears which his daughter shed when she quitted Beaufort. Oh! how came I not to reflect that this man, when he threw himself into the sea, must have been impelled to so rash an action by a motive much stronger than the desire of withdrawing himself from the tyranny of a parent, or the leaving a country where he was not happy.

No sooner does a ray of light dawn on our ideas, than we quickly collect every circumstance which error or prepossession made us consider as of little importance. The apparent contradiction in Nelson's character disappeared; his love for Emma, his situation with regard to me, accounted for his actions, and for a conduct which had often surprised and offended me. But how could this man be so expressly rejected by a father, on the point of leaving his daughter without support in a foreign land? Affection and duty alike called on the Baronet to give her a protector before he died: and what could render Nelson unworthy of being the husband of Miss Nesby? Was it his

birth, his morals, or the narrownefs of his fortune which kept him at a diftance from her? Could he be defervedly the object of Sir Edmund's contempt? Oh, how could I be fo blind to the meannefs of Emma's lover! Did not that air of myftery with which he concealed himfelf fufficiently prove it? He had impofed on me by a falfe ftory, and by fictitious misfortunes; he bafely abufed my goodnefs of heart, in order to rob me of Emma; he had made ufe of a fum of money, which he knew to be partly the gift of my liberality; had he not told me when he received it, *this fum does not belong to Mifs Nefby?*

In proportion as my indignation rofe againft Nelfon, I felt my affection for Emma redouble. A tender pity was blended with my love, and difpofed me to excufe her, to pity her, and to imagine that when he forced her from her retreat, that daring man had poffibly ufed a kind of violence. I recollected our laft converfation: her tears, her terror, and that apprehenfion fo movingly expreffed, left *her father's friend fhould*

fall

fall a victim to the rigour of that destiny, whose malignant influence she dreaded. It did not appear to me impossible but that Nelson might have followed her into Europe without her knowledge or consent. Possibly, her often seeing him; the solitude she lived in at her father's; an engaging person, and his assiduous attention might have at first inspired her with that transient regard which a young creature bred up at a distance from society often mistakes for a tender passion. Why her continual sadness, if her sentiments did not occasion her sorrow or regret? Perhaps Nelson might possess a greater sway over her mind than her heart, and perhaps she might think herself bound by promises which she wished not to perform? He frightened her with threats, he afflicted her with reproaches. And why should he have recourse to threats if he thought himself beloved? *He complained of her regard for some other.* Oh, these complaints gave new life to my hopes! *She seemed dejected, and even ill.* Does it make us sad or dejected while we follow a lover who is dear to us?—Sweet illusions of desire, what force

have you over an imagination reduced by yourselves! Every thing convinced me of a confederacy between these two ungrateful people: they could not do otherwise than appear equally false and equally perfidious; but my heart wished to find only one guilty.

Determined to oppose Nelson's design, and to avail myself of the right which my quality of guardian gave me over Miss Nesby, I sent to every port to procure the most exact information; my intention was to prevent their embarking, or if I learned that they were sailed, to cross the sea, claim my ward every where, and never see my country till I brought back her whom I was bound to defend and protect, and whose honour and felicity had been entrusted to my care. Yet being determined, even amidst all the cruel agitations of my soul, to act with a strict regard to justice, I proposed to use no violence; but to sacrifice every thing to the happiness of Emma. If I found that Nelson had neither used force nor artifice to withdraw her from my authority;

that ſhe had followed him voluntarily; that ſhe loved him, and intended to marry him; I felt myſelf capable to ſacrifice my love to her, and even my reſentment againſt a man in whom I ſhould reſpect her choice and the preference ſhe honoured him with.

With reſolutions ſo conformable to equity, and ſo reaſonable a plan, how was I led, driven—What fatality preſided over Nelſon's deſtiny and my own; guided my ſteps to the place where I was to prepare for myſelf eternal ſorrows; where I was to ſhed the blood of an unfortunate friend, and occaſion the death, the moſt afflicting death of a woman I adored.—Oh Monglas! I cannot—My hand refuſes—Painful recollection! How many horrors does that moment recall—I am conſtrained to ſtop.

Pity me, ſympathiſe with my ſorrows, and with the bitterneſs with which they overwhelm my heart. This long and dreadful ſtory tears open thoſe wounds which time can never cloſe. Happy he, who in this ſhort journey, called life, while he travels

through difficult and thorny roads, or loses himself in the midst of by-paths, pursues his way at least without carrying in his bosom the sad reproach of having stopped another in the peaceful course of his journey. Farewel, my friend; so soon as I find myself in a condition to proceed, I will make it my endeavour to satisfy the obliging curiosity which your tender regard can alone inspire.

⁂

Good God, my dear, how this interruption vexes me. A very warm and tender interest attaches me to this story. Unfortunate Miss Nesby, can I refuse thee a tear. Unfortunate Nelson—What ideas present themselves to my agitated mind.—*From the bottom of her grave, Emma sends me a father?* And this father Lord Lindsey! How, by what series of events—Who? I! Shall I pronounce that honoured name, and feel myself pressed in the embraces of a father! But when I compare with this account the facts related by Madam d'Auterive, I tremble, I shudder.—Oh Hortensia, my Lord

occasioned

occasioned the death, *the afflicting death of Emma:* he has *shed the blood of an unfortunate friend:* what fatal concurrence of circumstances—How my heart is moved! It is too much so, to leave me the power to express to you what it suffers.

Letter from the Marchioness de Monglas to Mademoiselle de Canteleu, inclosing the Sequel of Lord Lindsey's History.

BEFORE our charming friend is in a condition to clear up all her doubts by the perusal of the inclosed packet, I earnestly request you would please to join your endeavours with ours to engage the tender hearted and delicate Sophia, not to reject the offers of Lord Lindsey. M. de Monglas apprehends lest a young lady like her, so accustomed to discharge every duty, should frame to herself the notion of a romantic one on an occasion where the whole happiness of her life is at stake. Be so good, Mademoiselle, as to second our intentions; write to her: prepare her, by

ſome well contrived hints, leading towards the truth, for that eclairciſſement which muſt unavoidably be imparted to her. Repreſent to her how unjuſt it would be to puniſh my Lord for circumſtances which are the work of mere chance, which ſeems to have paved the way for the event which he laments to this hour. He was unfortunate in having accompliſhed the decrees of fate; circumſtances forced him to it, and have blaſted his days with misfortunes. Eighteen years of ſorrow and regret have not been able to baniſh remorſe from his tender and generous heart. Indeed I think him more to be pitied than Nelſon! Tell Mademoiſelle de Valiere, that ſhe is deſtined to comfort him; that ſhe ought to call him her friend; that ſhe ought to call him her father; accept all his gifts, and every title he is pleaſed to beſtow on her. Oh, if you knew that amiable nobleman, his mildneſs, goodneſs, and virtues, he would be dear to you; you would, with us, wiſh for his peace, tranquillity and happineſs: this he can never taſte of, but in bringing

about the felicity of Mademoiſelle de Valiere.

The meſſenger who delivers this packet, is to wait for the manuſcript and your anſwer.

Note from Lord Lindſey to the Marquis de Monglas, incloſing his laſt Packet.

BEFORE Mademoiſelle de Valiere is allowed to peruſe this packet be ſo kind, my dear Monglas, to run it over. The facts which it contains ſhould be communicated to her with precaution, and even by yourſelf in perſon. Her mind might otherwiſe be too ſtrongly impreſſed by the fatal images I am forced to preſent to her view.

I am this moment ſetting out for Paris. An unforſeen affair requires my preſence there; you ſhall know it. If the ſucceſs anſwer my expectation, I will ſee you towards the end of the week. I even flatter myſelf with having it in my power to bring with me a friend, who ardently wiſhes to

be introduced to you, and whofe whole happinefs depends on meeting with a kind reception at Malzais. Farewel.

Sequel of Lord Lindfey's Story.

HAVING received certain information that the three perfons defcribed had not taken fhip in any port near London, I impatiently waited for the return of the expreffes I had difpatched to the more diftant ports; when a young Dealer, who traded in linen cloth, and often went to Holland to lay in an affortment, being arrived from one of his voyages, came as ufual to offer me the choice of his goods. Having learned at my houfe how uneafy I was to know what was become of Nelfon, who had lately difappeared, he affured my people he could tell me where he was. They immediately brought him to me. He told me that the day before he left Amfterdam, he had feen Nelfon frequently going in and out of an inn, facing the houfe where he himfelf lodged. Thinking I might alfo be in

Holland, he had a mind to enquire. But was told by the landlady's daughter, that the ſtranger, whoſe name and country were unknown to her, came thither alone, ſeemed very melancholy; ſaw nobody, and would probably depart very ſoon.

The account of this man confounded all my ideas; it ill agreed with that of the farmer's wife. Nelſon, parted from Miſs Neſby, and alone at Amſterdam! Who then muſt have robbed me of Emma, what induced him to conceal his retreat? If Nelſon was not my rival, how was I to explain his ſilence, and clandeſtine departure? Could ſo offenſive a behaviour be without any motive? If his paſſion for Emma had not made him my enemy, would he knowingly have given me up to ſuch exquiſite and tormenting uneaſineſs? And yet it was impoſſible to miſtake the brutal Nelſon in the deſcription which the people at the farmer's had given me of him? What other man could have *treated* the gentle, the delicate Emma, *with harſhneſs*; would have dared to frighten her; would not have been afraid to afflict

her? Did not the complaints of this imperious man, and his reproaches sufficiently convince me that he laid claim to rights more ancient and more avowed? If Miſs Neſby's affections had been ſettled on any man ſince her arrival in England, would ſhe have retained that love of ſolitude, that melancholy, which became every day more ſtrongly marked, and deeply rooted? Nothing oppoſed her inclinations, my ſilence left her free in her choice: when I mentioned my paſſion to her, far from availing myſelf of the promiſes of Sir Edmund, did I not make her the ſovereign diſpoſer of her own and my deſtiny? Wherefore then thoſe tears, thoſe alarms, that myſterious and incomprehenſible behaviour.

Amidſt theſe confuſed reflections, a ſmall ray of hope ſprung up in my heart. I felt a kind of comfort in ſaying to myſelf, Miſs Neſby has been ſeen; ſhe has not left London, Nelſon is in Holland by himſelf, why may not their ſeparation have been the effect of a quarrel, and of ſome rupture between them? Their ſeparation muſt there-

fore be voluntary? For who hindered their ſetting out together? Full of this idea, I reſolved to croſs the ſea, find out Nelſon, ſpeak to him, and clear up all my doubts. That very evening I gave the neceſſary orders for my voyage; the next day I went to Harwich, where finding the Packet ready to ſail, I embarked on board her, with John, my valet de chambre, the only ſervant I would allow to accompany me.

My paſſage was ſhort and without any ill accident. I arrived at Rotterdam, and from thence ſet out for Amſterdam. I alighted on the Canal du Prince*, at the houſe of George Vandenz, a rich merchant, whom I had formerly known in my travels, and more than once received at my houſe in London, whither his affairs, and ſtill more his deſire to ſee me had often brought him.

I did not find him at home himſelf. But his houſe-keeper, without knowing who I was, or ſo much as my name, conducted me into a very handſome apartment; begged

* The name of a ſtreet.

I would reſt myſelf, and ordered tea for me. I learned from her that that day was the anniverſary of a naval feſtival, on occaſion of ſome ſignal victory. The ſports of the mariners drew all the people to the port; her maſter was to give one of the prizes, but would not, ſhe ſaid, be long in returning; as he was that very evening to ſet out for Bruſſels, his ſervants and horſes were waiting for him at a country houſe of his, whither he was to go in his pleaſure-boat; but in paſſing along the Canal, he would call in at home, as he was to take with him ſome papers which one of his clerks had ready to deliver to him.

My impatience would not ſuffer me to wait for the return of Vandenz; by the anſwers of this woman I learned that I was at no great diſtance from the place of Nelſon's abode. I pretended I would walk towards the port, and leaving John with her, went out; followed the courſe of the Canal, and paſſed on towards the place deſcribed by the merchant. This populous city, at that time, ſeemed a deſert. I walked a

considerable time without meeting any body; when, at the turning of a ſtreet, I perceived the inn I was ſeeking. With what an emotion did I approach it! On the point of unveiling a myſtery which concerned me ſo much, how could I help being in a violent agitation? I ſtrove to calm it; Nelſon's ingratitude ſhould naturally have excited in my heart rather contempt than anger. I was fully reſolved not to ſhew him any kind of reſentment; I wanted to be informed, but did not deſign to complain. After having ſerved the man, ought I to humble him with my reproaches? I ſwear it, Monglas, I ſought him with the moſt pacific diſpoſition; why did his paſſion, his fury — Unfortunate Henry! Thy brutality alone was the cauſe of thy death. I call heaven to witneſs, I intended no cruel revenge. Horrible day, for ever deteſted moment! What tears, what regret haſt thou coſt me; with what bitterneſs does the remembrance of thee ſtill overwhelm my ſoul!

At the door of the houſe, the firſt object which

which ſtruck me was Nelſon, talking with two or three women. He perceived me, and trembling, came forward to meet me. Pale and confounded, he viewed me with a wild look, and accoſting me in Spaniſh. What, you here? You! is it thus Lindſey proves his generoſity? So ill-timed a ſpeech from the mouth of Nelſon ſurpriſed and ſhocked me; but his conſternation, the terror painted on his countenance, excited my pity, and enabled me to contain the firſt ſally of my emotion. You owe me more than one explanation, anſwered I coolly, and as I have a right to exact them, I come to demand them of you. A man of honour cannot refuſe—I underſtand you, ſaid he with fire, I conſent to give you entire ſatisfaction; but was in hopes never to have ſeen you aſk it. Deceived by theſe words, whoſe ſenſe I interpreted wrong, and being diſpoſed to hear him, I would have gone in; he ſtopped me, caſt his anxious looks round him, and oppoſing my paſſage, this place, ſaid he, is not proper for your deſign, let us go farther from the houſe, come and you ſhall be ſatisfied. He came out, and walk-

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ed haſtily towards the Canal du Prince, inviting me to follow him.

Being arrived at the water ſide, he ſtopped and waited for me; I joined him. Well, ſaid he, what confeſſion is it which I ſtill owe you? What right do you imagine belongs to you? What dare you demand of me? Nothing that regards you alone, replied I, in indignation at his queſtions, and the haughty tone in which he put them. I take no intereſt in you, and you are with regard to me as if you did not exiſt. But I have not the ſame indifference for a young lady entruſted to my care; where is Miſs Neſby? Could you think me capable of renouncing—Oh! there's the man I eſteemed, ſaid he, interrupting me again; there's the heart which I imagined ſo noble, whoſe falſe virtues excited ſuch remorſe in mine! Thou haſt at laſt taken off the maſk; I thank heaven for thy injuſtice; it blots out the remembrance of all thy good offices; come, cried he, drawing his ſword, come and try to rob me of a life which I bluſh to owe thee.

Exaſperated

Exaſperated at his provoking boldneſs, and on the point of puniſhing him for it, I know not what emotion ſtill ſoftened my ſoul in favour of a madman, whoſe expreſſions appeared to me as unreaſonable as offenſive. While he was ſpeaking, he had advanced towards me; I withdrew two ſteps, and dropping my point, Henry, ſaid I, you attack me, and are not in a condition to defend yourſelf. Calm your tranſport, do not expoſe me to the neceſſity of ſhedding your blood. You was once dear to me; I hate you not.—But I deteſt Thee, cried he, advancing a ſecond time; Emma's lover is a monſter in my eyes. Conſtrained at laſt to oppoſe ſkill to fury, I parried off the thruſts he aimed at me, and endeavoured to diſarm him; but, hurried on by his rage, he was off his guard, laid himſelf open, and run upon my point!—Oh! I ſhudder ſtill—Oh Monglas! with what horror was I filled, on ſeeing that man fall at my feet whom I had ſo often and ſo tenderly preſſed to my boſom! At the ſight of his blood, which ſtreamed on the ground, I fetched a dreadful cry from the bottom of my heart.

I em-

I embraced the unfortunate man, spoke to him, would have assisted him, stopped his blood, and recalled his spirits; when several men ran up from the water side, seized me, and carried me off in spite of all my resistance. They put me into a small boat, which rowed off with great expedition. In vain I cried aloud; in vain I ordered the boatmen to set me on shore again. They were ordered to get away and row as fast as possible. I discovered Vandenz, and perceived John; their opposition to my efforts sharpened my sufferings and added impatience to my sorrow; my voice failed me; my heart was oppressed, and I fell senseless into their arms.

My weakness lasted not long. On recovering my senses, I conjured Vandenz to order me to be put on shore. He represented to me in vain the danger which an imprudent and perhaps a fruitless compassion must expose me to; I continued to press him to yield to my desire. It is not an enemy whom you force me to abandon so cruelly, said I; is it not inhuman to deprive

prive him of my affiftance? As he is a ftranger here, of whom can this unfortunate man expect any? Oh, if he ftill breathes, fuffer me to reftore him to life a fecond time.

My fervant, John, being deeply afflicted with the fituation of a mafter whom he loved, begged of Vandez to fet him on fhore. He took notice to him, that not having been feen in my company, he might appear without any danger: he faid he would go and get what intelligence he could, and hoped to bring me back good news. Vandenz confented to let him return; he told him to go to his houfe, and take what things he had juft brought thither for my ufe; to bid them give him a horfe, and to return with all fpeed to his country houfe, after having been very particular in telling him the way to it. John landed, and we continued our way by water.

The whole of this adventure appeared to me as extraordinary as it was afflicting. I could not conceive how John could poffibly

ſibly meet Vandenz and guide him to the very place where I was. Nothing more ſimple than the event you are ſurpriſed at, ſaid my friend. The moment when you quitted my houſe, I was returning from the port. Stopping before my houſe, I ſent for one of my clerks; and while I was ſpeaking to him, John came forwards to the water's edge: being informed by him of your arrival, I was going to ſtep on ſhore from my boat, and to wait for you at my houſe, when the young man, raiſing a loud cry, and pointing at what occaſioned his terror, began to run, calling out, my maſter, my God, it is my maſter! Quickening my boatmen, I followed him, and ſaw your adverſary fall; I ſeconded John's zeal, and we carried you off from a place where a croud began already to gather; and even one man was running towards you, but he could not poſſibly from the diſtance diſtinguiſh, either your perſon, or the boat you went into; ceaſe therefore to lament, added he, a violence neceſſary to your ſafety, and do not leſſen, by unjuſt reproaches, the pleaſure I feel in having been uſeful to you.

I em-

I embraced Vandenz in ſilence; the oppreſſion of my heart did not leave me at liberty to expreſs my gratitude to him. In leſs than two hours we arrived at his houſe. Every thing there was prepared for his departure: ſo ſoon as we entered he ordered his chaiſe to be put up, and called for another. They ſerved up a light ſupper, but I could not poſſibly eat any thing. This hoſpitable and ſenſible man uſed all his endeavours to calm the troubles of my ſoul. He was afraid to aſk me the particulars of this affair. Notwithſtanding the extreme dejection of my ſpirits, I thought I owed to his affection a ſuccinct account of my acquaintance and connections with the man who had ſo lately attacked my life, and forced me to ſtand on my defence againſt his fury; I laid open to him the motives of my voyage into Holland, and during that ſhort recital, my ſighs and groans proved to him how little I foreſaw, when I ſought Nelſon, the iſſue of this fatal adventure.

Vandenz in the gentleſt terms reproved me for my extreme affliction. And whilſt he

ſympathiſed with me in my ſorrow, he enlarged on every conſideration which could moderate its exceſs. Nelſon he thought ſeemed to deſerve the fate he met with. A happy chain of circumſtances, continued he, may poſſibly for ever conceal the ſhare you have had in this man's misfortune. My boatmen, who are the only witneſſes of the duel, are ſailors belonging to one of my ſhips, which is to ſail tomorrow at day break. As ſoon as they quitted me, they went on board, and the ſhortneſs of the time will not allow them to approach the land. Beſides they do not know you, and it is their intereſt not to do me any prejudice. An affair of importance calls me into Flanders; when John returns, we will ſet out together, ſo that your coming to Amſterdam will neither be diſcovered nor ſuſpected.

I conſented to ſet off with Vandenz. A concern for my own ſafety did not take up my thoughts at that inſtant; but the fear of bringing my friend into trouble, eaſily determined

determined me to put myſelf under his guidance.

John was a good while in returning; I waited for him with uneaſineſs, and even with anxiety; vague ideas filled me with terror: I ſhuddered every moment; my thoughts wandered over gloomy and terrible objects; the image of Emma was amongſt theſe: I fancied I ſaw her tears flow, and that I heard her ſhrieks. — Oh Mongl[illegible]s, there are miſgivings—The ſenſible and ſad emotions of our hearts warn us in ſecret, while yet an intercepting veil conceals from our eyes the nature and magnitude of the evil, whoſe approaches we begin to perceive.

John appeared at laſt, but dejected, altered, and ſcarce able to ſupport himſelf. So ſoon as I perceived him, I read in his countenance the ſad certainty of Neiſon's death. He wept, and was unable to ſpeak: fear and horror were painted in his looks. He attempted to ſpeak, and joining his hands with an air of earneſtneſs, Fly, my Lord, fly,

fly, ſaid he; let nothing detain you in this fatal place, and would to heaven you had never ſet foot in it!

This admonition, his geſtures and tears confounded me; a mortal chillneſs froze my blood. What then could occaſion John's conſternation? I was afraid to hear it, yet deſired him to explain it to me. Vandenz did not give me time to queſtion him; but, ſeizing my hand, led me to his chaiſe. I took my ſeat and we ſet off, eſcorted by ſeveral men on horſeback: the oppreſſion of my heart was not diſpelled during the whole journey: I continued weak, and was unable to keep down the emotions of my ſoul; at Antwerp I parted from Vandenz, went to Dunkirk, and embarked in order to return to England.

When I recollected the whole of my conduct, from the inſtant when fortune brought me acquainted with Nelſon, I might have diſcovered in his ferocity, in his ingratitude, and in his perfidious diſſimulation, motives to mitigate a grief, which humanity alone could

excite; but my compaffion averted all my thoughts from fuch confiderations: this ill-fated young man prefented himfelf to my idea, as one whom chance had thrown under my protection; as a ftranger, depending on my care and affiftance, and to whom even that dependence gave a juft title to my indulgence and compaffion: I forgot his faults, I lamented his deftiny; while his bleeding wounds inceffantly offered to my imagination all thofe pungent reflections which fharpened the reproaches of my heart.

During our paffage, I in vain queftioned John on the caufe of the terror fo ftrongly marked in his countenance the inftant of his return to Vandenz's: the perplexity of his anfwers, and his addrefs in eluding my queftions, convinced me that he concealed fome very afflicting circumftances; but neither my commands nor entreaties could prevail on him to difclofe them. I arrived in London without forfeeing the terrible event which his zeal kept back from my knowledge. Being already fo unhappy in my

own

own idea, could I think that ſorrows, yet more pungent and exquiſite, were ſtill to rack my ſoul and pierce it with a thouſand daggers.

On my arrival at my houſe, I found ſeveral packets of letters ſent me from Edinburgh to London. Nelſon's hand writing on the largeſt of theſe, made me ſhudder.— I took it up in an agony; I trembled; I had ſcarce power to open it; but what was my condition on peruſing this writing? Oh, my friend, read it and judge of the effect it produced in my heart.

Henry Maubray to Lord Lindſey.

IT is with ſhame and confuſion I am come to a determination to open to you the ſecret motives of my odious conduct. The tears of a woman whom I adore, too powerful on my ſoul, have drawn me aſide from the paths of honour, and conſtrained me to follow devious ways. Oh, how I reproach myſelf with my long, my baſe diſſimula-

tion! How could I deceive you, be wanting in candour, in gratitude, and pierce, with an unforſeen and cruel dart, the boſom of him whoſe tender compaſſion ſaved my life; whoſe ſervices, whoſe kindneſs, whoſe friendſhip—I deteſt myſelf. Contemptible in my own eyes, what a baſe wretch muſt I appear in thoſe of the noble, the generous Lindſey!

Learn then my Lord, who I am, and with what deſign I deſired a paſſage on board the veſſel in which you had juſt embarked. When I threw myſelf into the ſea, like a madman, though I afterwards became the object of your pity, I expoſed my own, only that I might attack your life; diſpute the poſſeſſion of Miſs Neſby with you, and either carry her off, or periſh by your hands. The revengeful Sir Edmund, by ſending her away from Carolina, entruſting to you the conducting her to her native country, and placing her under your protection, intended to puniſh me for an involuntary crime, and ſacrificed his daughter's happineſs to the barbarous pleaſure of overwhelming me with

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the weight of his hatred, and revenging on me the contempt he had endured from my uncle, whofe harfh behaviour I had experienced no lefs than himfelf.

My name is not Nelfon, but Henry Maubray. During the time of that confidence which I repofed in you at your own requeft, and which lafted till that inftant when, miftaking my expreffions, you pitied me for having killed the woman I adored, my account was agreeable to truth. I did not undeceive you, without however grounding then any profpect on your miftake. But I found reafon to alter my refolution, after having received fo many great and recent obligations. I flattered myfelf I fhould not find a rival in the friend of Mifs Nefby's father: my heart grew calmer; pleafing hopes, and friendfhip joined to gratitude, found their way to it. A more fincere avowal would have foon fucceeded thefe affections, had they not been thwarted by a cruel paffion, and if fentiments of jealoufy had not continually obtruded on that fympathy which impelled me to love you.

My fear leſt Sir Edmund might have informed you of his daughter's inclination for an inhabitant of the country, out of which he had juſt been ſending her, and that he might have prejudiced you againſt me, forced me to conceal my name and country from you. It was not in Carolina, but in James-Town in Virginia, where the Baronet, after having wandered for ſix years in our colonies, came to fix his reſidence, that my heart was fired with the love of Miſs Neſby. Mr. Hervey, my uncle, was then governor. My aſſiduities met with ſucceſs with Emma, and her parents agreed to my vows; but then they inſiſted on my uncle's conſent. This haughty relation deſpiſed the alliance of a man without any fortune or connexions; he cauſed me to be carried off as I told you, with a deſign to ſeparate me eternally from the charming girl who poſſeſſed every affection of my ſoul.

While he kept me priſoner far from her, he uſed his power and addreſs to give Sir Edmund a diſtaſte to a place, where he every inſtant made him undergo new mortifications.

tinction. The Baronet reſolved to quit Virginia; but before he left it, he forced his daughter to releaſe me from my oaths, to renounce me, and to exact my formal promiſe no longer to encourage any hope of ever being her's. It was then that, eſcaping from the fort where I was ſtill detained, at the hazard of periſhing in the ſea, agitated by winds contrary to my courſe, I embarked, and ſtrove to make the wiſhed-for ſhore, whither love attracted me. I arrived at James-Town; and was introduced, under favour of the night, into the Baronet's houſe; I ſeized the precious treaſure he would have robbed me of. Being attacked by him and his ſlaves, it was Lady Neſby, it was Emma's mother, who received from my hand the blow aimed at the deſperate fellow who had the boldneſs to throw himſelf between her daughter and me.

At the ſight of the blood of that reſpected dear woman, whom I had a thouſand times called my mother, I made the church echo with my ſorrowful cries; I ceaſed to defend

myſelf, and forgot all care of my life [illegible] Edmund ordered his people not to ſpare me; Lady Neſby embraced me, oppoſed the Baronet's fury, and aſſured him that her wound was but ſlight; ſhe gave me her pardon, and pitied me. That inſtant my uncle appeared, followed by ſeveral armed men; Lady Neſby's generoſity affected and melted him; ſhe laid hold of that inſtant, and ſpoke to him; her gentleneſs and her tears redoubled my uncle's emotion, got the better of his pride, and he conſented to her deſires and mine; he then ordered Miſs Neſby to be led back to the altar and to receive my plighted faith. Emma, trembling, advanced with a ſlow pace, when I flew to meet her. The inflexible Baronet parted us, drove me back, and forbid her to come near me; he called me raviſher and aſſaſſin; he imprecated on his daughter the moſt dreadful curſes if ſhe dared to beſtow herſelf on the murderer of her mother. I fell at his feet, I required of him either death or the hand of Miſs Neſby; he rejected with haughtineſs my prayers and ſubmiſſions: at this my uncle, filled with indignation, co[illegible]d me to be ſeized,

and forcibly carried to his houſe, where I was detained in ſpite of my cries and groans, and kept under guard like a madman, whoſe actions are to be dreaded.

For upwards of a month my bewildered reaſon rendered me almoſt inſenſible of my misfortune. A conſuming fever waſted me, and deprived me of the uſe of my ſenſes; the tranſports into which theſe redoubled fits threw me, revived me ſufficiently to make me ſenſible of my ſad exiſtence, and I afterwards fell into a ſullen ſtupidity: happy ſituation, compared with the deplorable ſtate of my mind, when ſentiment and reflection returned to torment it.

I did not for a long time hear of the death of Lady Neſby, nor of the departure of Sir Edmund. What tears did I ſhed when I heard of the loſs of Emma's mother, and what a barrier did it put between her daughter and me, if the Baronet ſhould accuſe me of it! The wound indeed, did not occaſion it, for ſhe was cured in a few days; but the noiſe of this adventure,

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the cruel treatment with which Sir E[illegible] used the sad, the innocent Emma, exhausted her spirits, revived the sense of her disappointments, and at last broke her heart. Miss Nesby, disconsolate, followed her father, without knowing whither he led her, and without being able to learn the lot he was preparing for her; while I, was kept in close captivity, and threatened with never being set at liberty, if I did not consent to break all the ties which bound me to Sir Edmund's daughter; and if I did not enter into new engagements to convince my uncle of the change in my inclination, which was so criminal in his eyes: all this threw me into the deepest regret and the blackest melancholy; I fell into a state of dejection, which endangered my life a second time.

My uncle being alarmed, imagined it was his duty to treat me with less rigour, and no longer kept me a prisoner; he gave me leave to walk abroad, accompanied by two men who belonged to him, who were charged to keep a watchful eye on my behaviour,

having, and to prevent my flight if they perceived in me any inclination to leave James-Town.

The firſt uſe I made of ſo confined a liberty, was to viſit every place where I had ſeen Miſs Neſby, and where I had enjoyed the happineſs of ſpeaking to her and hearing her: my heart claimed her from every object which recalled to me the happy time when I ſpent whole hours in her company; the houſe which ſhe no longer inhabited, her gardens now become a mournful deſart, alſo drew me within their walls; my eyes drowned in tears ſought the traces of her ſteps; I viſited her mother's tomb to weep over it, and pour out my ſighs at the foot of that altar where all my happineſs had vaniſhed; I called on Emma with ſorrowful cries; my exhauſted ſpirits allowed me to form no project, or to keep to no idea; I loſt myſelf in the contemplation of my miſery, and the faculty of ſuffering ſeemed the only one left me.

The place of Sir Edmund's retreat was

carefully concealed from me. My enquiries at laſt enabled me to diſcover it. One of the young companions of Emma, whoſe ſiſter had married an inhabitant of Carolina, informed me that the Baronet lived near Beauford, at ſome ſmall diſtance from the abode of her brother-in-law. Moved at the perplexity ſhe ſaw me in, for want of ſome ſure way to convey a letter to the hands of her friend, ſhe offered me to engage her ſiſter to deliver privately as many as I pleaſed. With what gratitude and tranſport did I accept the offer; with what readineſs did I ſeize this happy opportunity of writing to Miſs Neſby: my heart had ſo many ſentiments to expreſs to her; ſo many favours to obtain, that my hand trembled when I aſked her a forgiveneſs which I did not dare to expect. Did I deſerve to move her, I, whoſe imprudence had cauſed all her ſufferings?

With what joy was I filled on receiving the anſwer of my faithful, my conſtant Emma! What ſweet conſolation to find in her letter neither complaints nor reproaches.

She

She suffered for me, and her generous foul did not accufe me of her misfortunes; fhe condefcended to footh my pain by vows of tendernefs; fhe renewed her affurances to be mine; fhe promifed to furmount every obftacle which oppofed our union, but fhe forbade me to think of coming near the place where fhe was, or to attempt any thing with a view to fee her, and perhaps fhe might foon *releafe me from the laws fhe impofed on me.* Oh, her commands were facred to me! My charming friend loved me; fhe was concerned for the unfortunate man who was forced to pour forth his forrows far from her; he was always dear to her; fhe kept her heart for him, fhe promifed him her faith, and gave him fome profpect of a time when their common felicity might take place again! My lips preffed with delight the traces of that adored hand: an hundred times I read, repeated Emma's moving expreffions! To be beloved by her, and fometimes to receive proofs of her tender affection, I thought this fufficient to enable me to fupport the rigours of abfence; to fufpend my impatient

ardour, and to inſpire me with all the moderation ſhe required of me. I ſwore never to tranſgreſs her laws, and to obey her; but thoſe gentle diſpoſitions were ſoon altered, and the moſt tormenting uneaſineſs returned to vex my ſoul.

Miſs Arthur, Emma's young friend, acquainted me with your being at Sir Edmund's; with the project he had formed to ſend his daughter into England, and to entruſt you with the care of conducting her thither. This intelligence, which ſhe had from her ſiſter, made me experience the only torment with which a paſſion ſo croſſed had hitherto afflicted my heart. I reſiſted its firſt attacks by my extreme confidence in Emma's reiterated promiſes: ſhe had juſt written to me; ſhe told me of her father's illneſs, and of the danger thatt hreatened his life; but ſaid nothing of his projects, nor of the friend whom he intended to make the inſtrument of his hatred and revenge. I doubted the truth of Miſs Arthur's account, as people might have formed wrong conjectures; that perhaps you might not be

then

then at Beauford: what! would Miſs Neſby have kept ſilence on ſo intereſting a ſubject! would ſhe not have given me notice to attempt every thing to prevent her departure, and to carry her off from the ſtranger who was to convey her ſo far from our country and ſeparate us for ever! I wrote to her. After a long and painful expectation, her anſwer removed my uncertainty, and delivered up my ſoul to all the rage of jealouſy; that ſubtile and baleful poiſon, whoſe traces can never be wholly deſtroyed.

Miſs Neſby informed me of the death of her father, which had happened about a month before, and of the oaths exacted of her by that unjuſt and rigid parent. Being forced to take them, and to atteſt heaven for her fidelity in obſerving them, ſhe had been herſelf conſtrained to promiſe, to ſwear to obey rigorous laws; never to be *the wife of Henry Maubray*; to renounce his love and himſelf, with all the happineſs, whoſe flattering hopes ſhe had ſo long nouriſhed. Terrifying threats, which extended even

to

to myſelf, filled her, ſhe ſaid, with horror and diſmay, and made her ſhudder at the very notion of guilty perjury; ſhe was to ſail for Europe under the conduct of one of her father's friends. She would never enter into any engagement contrary to thoſe whoſe remembrance ſhe would ever cheriſh: ſhe would lament under another ſky her irreparable loſs; ſhe would regret all her life, the treaſure ſhe had left behind her in our happy climes.

Great God! what emotions did that letter excite; with what daggers did it pierce my heart! I fancied myſelf betrayed, I concluded I was forgotten. She, Emma! promiſe, ſwear never to be mine! Bely by the baſeſt oaths, thoſe which her lips had ſo often repeated. What! from his grave, muſt the barbarous Sir Edmund diſpoſe of his daughter? What! Miſs Neſby was free, and yet renounced me; ſhe might diſpoſe of herſelf, and yet ſhe was loſt to me! Could the cruel woman conſent to abandon, to fly from me; could ſhe voluntarily condemn me to eternal ſorrows! I fancied my

love

love was dying within me; every passion whose violence I experienced, no longer seemed to have any tincture of that sentiment; vexation; fury; the desire of vengeance alone occupied my thoughts; I was bent on punishing an ungrateful woman, and on sacrificing in her sight that friend of her father, doubtless destined to receive the hand which she had dared to swear never to bestow on me.

That very night I forced open a cabinet in which my uncle kept his most valuable effects. I took out a casket filled with ingots of gold; I immediately employed part of it in corrupting the fidelity of my keepers, who promised to second my designs. By their help, I made my escape before day; they favoured my attempt. I embarked, while prosperous winds wafted me to those shores where I wished to land. I shuddered on discovering the coast of Carolina; I arrived at Beauford: Oh fury! Oh despair! Emma was just gone thence; they pointed to the ship which carried her away from me, and snatched you from my

vengeance. Driven thus to despair, I raised loud cries; I called on Emma; I stretched out my arms towards the sails, which too swiftly conveyed her far from me: my boatmen offered to put off with me again, and gave hopes of being able to come up with the ship; I re-embarked, encouraged the men to ply their oars, which they did with all their might: I came up with you: when ready to come on board, a gust of wind deceived my hopes, and drove me to a distance; this opposition from fate threw me into such an emotion of impatience, so painful and so violent, that being resolved to regain the ship by swimming, or perish in the waves, I threw myself into the sea; but the agitation of my spirits had doubtless already exhausted my strength; I was quite spent, and had it not been for your compassion, I must have fallen a victim to my own imprudence.

What was my surprise and consternation, when I was informed to whom I owed my life! to find myself under the protection of Lord Lindsey; of the man whom I fought with

with ſo cruel a deſign; to be no longer able to attack his life without accuſing myſelf of baſe ingratitude, and without deſerving the reproaches of my own heart. Oh, how often did this diſappointment in my projects fill my ſoul with bitterneſs! but in a very few moments, hurried away in ſpite of all my endeavours by that powerful charm inſeparable from virtue, I found myſelf conſtrained to reſpect, and felt myſelf forced to honour the generous benefactor, who rejecting that title, invited me to call him friend.

Inſenſibly my ſoul grew calm. The pleaſure of ſeeing Emma; of reading in her eyes that her heart was not changed; your behaviour to her, where nothing appeared but friendſhip; the affecting marks of the regard you honoured me with, diſpelled part of my uneaſineſs; every inſtant produced in me a ſtronger attachment to you: I bluſhed at having failed in point of ſincerity; I purpoſed to treat you with more confidence, and to make amends for my fault by a faithful diſcovery of the truth; I flattered myſelf with obtaining from the

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humane guardian of Emma, that adored hand, which Sir Edmund's laſt will ſeemed to give him an excluſive right to diſpoſe of. I could not conceive that ſo noble a heart could ever be brought to countenance ſuch a will, when he became acquainted with the injuſtice of it; and when he ſhould know for certain that pride and reſentment alone had dictated it? Full of theſe notions, and of the moſt pleaſing hopes, I informed Emma of my deſign; ſhe was alarmed at it, and conjured me to renounce it; nay ſhe exacted of me a ſolemn promiſe never to reveal to you the ſecret of our intelligence. In vain did I preſs her to let me know the reaſon of ſo poſitive a prohibition; ſhe refuſed to explain her ſecret motives for it; her obſtinacy in concealing them from me gave me much trouble and anxiety, and baniſhed from my ſoul that peace which began to revive within me.

Our arrival in London redoubled my vexation; the ſilence you enjoined me concerning your Ward; your myſterious care

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to conceal from Lady Lindſey the daughter of a friend, whom you ought naturally to have preſented to her, and placed under her protection, with your melancholy on the road to Bath, awakened my ſuſpicions. With what violence were they revived by the cruel letters of Miſs Neſby? By her ardent requeſt to renounce that union to which I annexed all the happineſs of my life. The gift of her hand, ſhe repeatedly told me, would now be but an ill-fated preſent, tending only to make me ſhare in the curſes called down on her head. That her former promiſes and oaths, broke all ties between us, and blaſted all our hopes! That ſhe would live ſingle, and would never forget me. That her love, now become a ſad and painful ſentiment, ſhould be for ever dear to the tender and unfortunate heart, whoſe delight it had formerly been, and ſhould never be extinguiſhed but with her life.

With what bitterneſs did theſe expreſſions fill me, and what probable conjectures did they ſeem to confirm? How could I perſuade myſelf that Sir Edmund's threats could

could have made an impreſſion on the ſenſible and conſiderate mind of his daughter, ſtrong enough to induce her to ſacrifice her happineſs and mine to ſuch idle fears. Could promiſes drawn by ſurprize from her timid ſubmiſſion, deſtroy the force of ſo many free and voluntary oaths? Had ſhe not a thouſand and a thouſand times ſworn to be mine? She did not accuſe me of her mother's death. Ever ſince her quitting Virginia, all her letters aſſured me of her conſtancy, and expreſſed a paſſionate deſire to make me happy: Oh, ſuch were then the ſuggeſtions of her heart? Why therefore were her diſpoſitions changed? Was you the cauſe of this alteration in her projects, in her conduct, and in her ſentiments? Did ſhe diſſemble thoſe alarms, thoſe terrors, in order to keep away the unfortunate lover, whoſe paſſion no longer moved her. How theſe reflections afflicted me; what tumultous and terrible emotions agitated me; how often, abandoning myſelf to them, even in your preſence, and looking on you as the ſecret object of the reſolutions of Miſs Neſby, did I find myſelf on

the point of losing what little moderation I had left, of avowing myself your enemy, and calling you to an account for all the torments which rent my heart.

After my return to London, I underwent still greater. I could not talk with Miss Nesby but in the presence of several witnesses, while you spent whole hours in her apartment. I knew the narrowness of her fortune, and saw her surrounded with riches and splendour. Your money purchased her fine cloaths; your assiduity anticipated her wishes; you amused her with diversions, and you was often cruel without being conscious of it: you made me the bearer of those presents, the testimonies of your regard; you incessantly offered to her eyes objects capable of dazzling her; and I, what could I offer? Features altered by grief; that timid and clouded aspect which misfortune wears, while overwhelmed with sorrow; sighs, tears, unavailing complaints, and importunate reproaches were the only tribute of an unsuccessful and passion, of an oppressed heart, whose fallen courage sunk

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under the load of dependence and humiliation.

My deep affliction ſenſibly moved the generous Emma; ſhe ſought the means to calm my ſoul; but ſhe wrote to me in vain; in vain ſhe would have removed my fears as to her own and your ſentiments: letters which could not reſtore my hopes, and which continually convinced me of her attachment to her cruel reſolutions, added ſtings to my vexation. She conſented at length to give me leave to ſpeak to her, and, in order to facilitate the means of it, ſhe began to take frequent walks in the environs of London; ſhe every morning went out with none but Helena. We ſaw and converſed with each other; I found the charming miſtreſs of my ſoul as full of ſenſibility and tenderneſs as in thoſe happy times when our hearts were united by ſuch pleaſing and powerful ties. Her goodneſs diſpelled my uneaſineſs, my ſuſpicions vaniſhed, I grew ſatisfied, and thought my peace reſtored: but can the lover who has once given way to jealous anxiety ever recover perfect tranquillity? The

momentary quiet he enjoys, is but a suſpenſion of his fears, while his former emotions are ever ready to return upon him.

By adhering to her reſolution not to be mine, could Miſs Neſby extinguiſh all my doubts? In vain did ſhe aſſure me that friendſhip alone made you intereſt yourſelf in her deſtiny; your conduct diſcovered ſentiments of a tenderer nature: if ſhe was ignorant of your love, how came ſhe, during our paſſage, to forbid me to make you the confident of mine? Did not her continual oppoſition to the avowal I wiſhed to have made to you, diſcover her fear of the conſequences of a declared rivalſhip? If ſhe imagined it her duty to refuſe me her hand, ſhe might likewiſe think it incumbent on her to beſtow it on Lord Lindſey: what claims had I on her, if her heart refuſed to confirm them, and if ſhe acknowledged yours. Could the ſtranger excluded by Sir Edmund's will, without ſupport, without protection, and without a friend; in a country where rank, birth, and fortune gave you ſo much importance: could he dare to

challenge the promiſes of a young lady entruſted to your protection; a young lady whoſe choice it was in your power to reject, if it ſhould prove contrary to her father's intention.

How often did I reproach myſelf with my impetuoſity and violence; how often did I regret the caſket ſo imprudently left behind me; it would have facilitated my deſign of carrying off Emma, and of conveying her far from England and from you. I ſhould have no longer lived in a ſtate of dependence on you; ſhould have owed you neither deference, gratitude, nor friendſhip! Reduced to wait for anſwers from Virginia; uncertain of the time when they would arrive, and not knowing whether they might prove conformable to my wiſhes, I was inconſolable; I taſted not a moment's quiet: I inceſſantly begged of Miſs Neſby to grant my requeſt. I repreſented to her that the only puniſhment her diſobedience could meet with, would be the loſs of a very ſcanty inheritance, the conſideration of which was not worthy to enter into the motives of

her

her refusal: I excited her compassion; I afflicted her, but could not determine her. Unable to support any longer so irksome a situation, I informed her that I was resolved to get out of it, speak to you, lay before you the strict truth, open my heart to you, read yours, and in short free myself from that continual jealous torment which your assiduities to her gave me, and from that insupportable constraint I lay under with regard to every thing that I wished and desired.

The timid Emma shuddered at my design; she trembled for my life and for yours: the sad event which had banished her father from his country, always present to her memory, had for a long time past fixed her ideas on the danger which seemed to threaten the lover whom she adored, and the friend whom she respected. A thousand times she had perceived the emotions of my soul, a thousand times she had been alarmed at them. I was indebted to her terror for the happiness to which I so ardently aspired: it was the price of the oath which I swore to a-

 bandon

bandon my project, and to put the sea between you and me, before I revealed our secrets to you. Encouraged by my promises, she consented at last to my happiness. We were married, five miles from London, by a worthy clergyman, who had the good nature to procure us a small apartment near town, at the house of one of his nieces, where we enjoyed the pleasure of seeing and conversing with each other without any witness.

Oh inexpressible delights of happy love! Delicious pleasures! Flattering sensations! Always springing, always new, how great your power over a feeling heart! In the arms of my dear Emma I lost all remembrance of the bitterness of absence, of the torments of expectation; and for several months my happiness destroyed all traces of those sufferings to which my state of uncertainty and jealousy had so long made me a victim.

All my wishes were then turned towards my country. On my arrival in town from Bath,

Bath, I had written to Mr. Stanley, my countryman and friend. His affection for me assured me of his zeal to serve me: I acquainted him with my adventure, and with the desire I had to re-visit Virginia. I gave him in charge to deliver a very submissive letter I had written to my uncle: I begged his pardon for having so justly irritated him; I besought him to remit me such sums as might enable me to clear my debts in London, and put me into a condition to return home, and make amends by my continual attention to please him, for all those imprudent steps, and all those faults which must necessarily have raised his anger against me. I received Stanley's answer about a month before Lady Lindsey's illness determined her on her journey into Scotland. He gave me small hopes of being able to appease my uncle; however he exhorted me to take courage; to give myself no uneasiness, and promised me to fall upon some means to convey me back to Virginia.

Happy on the receipt of his letter, I could

 have

have waited without impatience for the good effects of his friendſhip, if this delay had not thrown my fearful wife into the blackeſt melancholy. When ſhe found that ſhe could not much longer conceal the effects of our union, her mind was filled with the moſt fatal ideas; the neceſſary diſcovery of our marriage made her anticipate unavoidable misfortunes. How were you likely to receive this late and forced information; how could ſhe find courage enough to avow a miſtruſt ſo provoking, and a diſſimulation ſo blameable; who could pretend to excuſe her ingratitude and mine to you, and how could I bear the juſt reproach of it? Theſe conſiderations filled her ſoul with terror; ſhe thought herſelf on the point of meeting with the puniſhment of her diſobedience and violated oaths; ſhe no longer took courage from my promiſes; her father's threats kept her in continual alarms; ſhe inceſſantly conjured me not to wait for the ſucceſs of Stanley's good offices, and to diſpoſe of her trinkets and jewels to put me in a condition to fly, and to bid adieu to the banks of the Thames for ever.

I re-

I reſolutely rejected a project which Em- never would have formed had not her d been diſturbed by fear. She did not l on your preſents as a poſſeſſion which ſh might appropriate to herſelf, and ho- rou would not permit me to uſe them to enable me to quit England. Her vexation, and her tears, plunged me anew into an extreme dejection. You ſaw my melan- choly condition, you diſcovered in the bot- tom of my heart the deſire I had to repaſs the ſeas; you offered me the means to ſatiſ- fy that deſire: you muſt have concluded me at that time mad. For what could you think of my violent emotions when I reject- ed your generous offer! Strongly tempt- ed to accept it, but with-held by circum- ſtances, I choſe rather ſtill to ſuffer, than to add meanneſs to ingratitude.

Ever ſince the happy day when the poſ- ſeſſion of Emma completed my deareſt wiſhes, no jealous ſentiment had found en- trance into my heart. I ſaw you in her com- pany without uneaſineſs; I no longer ob- ſerved you with that anxious attention, with

that diſpoſition to give a cruel interpretatio[n] to the moſt indifferent actions, and to [the] ſimpleſt expreſſions; I doubted not that E[m]ma might poſſibly inſpire you with tendern[eſs], but my confidence in her, your reſe[rve], her virtue and her love kept up the t[ran]quillity I enjoyed. Oh! why did you both, on the evening before our departure for Scotland, rekindle the fire which I thought extinct. For on that day, on entering Emma's apartment, I found her in tears, pale, and ſhunning my looks; you ſpeechleſs, confounded, and aſtoniſhed at my preſence: great God, what emotions roſe in my ſoul! Did Emma lament your enſuing departure; had you been juſt then acquainting her with your paſſion; did her tears flow from her regret that ſhe had deprived herſelf of the liberty of partaking in your ſentiments, and making you happy? With what rapidity did a thouſand ideas preſent themſelves to my mind, oppreſs my heart, and ſuſpend the uſe of all my powers. You went out; Mrs. Howard was called for, and left us: when alone with Emma, I queſtioned her concerning your confuſion,

her

her grief, and the extreme agitation I ſtill ſaw her in. She heſitated, trembled, raiſed her eyes to heaven: I am unfortunate, cried ſhe, drowned in tears; I am truly unfortunate! On pronouncing theſe ſad words, ſhe fell ſenſeleſs into my arms: the cries of Helena brought in company; I was forced to go out, and all the reſt of the day I could neither ſee nor ſpeak with her.

The next day I ſet out with you, bearing a heart torn with deep concern, fatal ſuſpicions, and that devouring anxiety, more difficult to ſupport than extreme ſorrow, or even the moſt unwelcome diſcovery.

No alteration in your conduct, with regard to me, gave me cauſe to imagine you had been appriſed of the ſecrets of Emma: and how ſhould ſhe have diſcovered them, ſhe who feared ſo much to let you gueſs at them? What then could have been the ſubject of a converſation capable of throwing you both into ſo great a con-

fusion? Emma's letters gave me no light into that strange incident; but her tenderness was expressed with so much energy and truth, that I often reproached myself for having entertained any doubt of a heart so sensible, and so sincerely moved with my slightest vexations.

The sorrow that overwhelmed you; your alarms on account of Lady Lindsey's danger; that filial piety which attached you to her, and which forced tears from you, revived in me sentiments too often weakened by those of jealousy. I ceased to view you in the light of a rival; I considered you only as a friend; I partook in your sufferings; my tears flowed when yours did; I deplored the sad fatality which forced me to make you unhappy, and a thousand times I wished that your generous compassion had not preserved a life destined to trouble, and perhaps for ever destroy the tranquillity of yours.

You imparted to me your passion, your vexations; the tears and strange discourse

of

of Miſs Neſby; the uneaſineſs, the ſad impreſſions which were made on you by your laſt converſation with her. This confidence cleared up a doubt which I was ſtrongly affected with: happy if my heart had entertained none on the aſtoniſhing conſtancy of your ſentiments. The more I ſtrove to repreſent to you every argument which ought to have induced you to ſtifle a paſſion fruitleſs, contrary to your intereſt, to your quiet, and to your happineſs, the more you ſeemed determined to cheriſh it. How could I perſuade myſelf that a flame ſo violent had never been encouraged by hope? How could I help thinking that Emma had formerly admitted your addreſſes with kindneſs enough to give you grounds to believe they were not diſagreeable to her? This cruel idea I have not been able to baniſh: it hurts, it alarms a ſenſible heart. Oh! without the delight of thinking one's ſelf preferred, what pleaſure, what ſatisfaction is there in love? If I am to owe my happineſs to nothing but fear, condeſcenſion, and pity; I can never value, never enjoy it.

But with what trivial circumſtances do I fatigue your attention: this I hope you will pardon in a mind not maſter of itſelf. Emma had received the letters which ſhe expected with impatience. That inſtant ſhe left Mrs. Howard's, and preſſed me to return to London, where I was to receive the ſum I had aſked of Stanley. You furniſhed me with a pretence of going to receive it: Oh! how could I ſo meanly lay hold of it? Why, by too ſcrupulous an adherence to the promiſes I had made my wife, had I not the courage to break my guilty ſilence, and fail in my word, which had been too imprudently given? I ought to have undeceived you; confeſſed my ingratitude, and renounced that vile diſſimulation, which gives me up to ſorrow, ſhame, and remorſe! Every inſtant an inward voice calls to me; as a return for his goodneſs, Lindſey, deceived and betrayed, laments the loſs of Emma, threatens her raviſher, treats him as perfidious, as baſe— Have I then ſubmitted to deſerve theſe infamous titles? Oh, what reparation.—There is but one—I ſhudder to think on it.

What

What caprice of fate compells us to afflict each other? You are unhappy thro' me: I cease to be happy by your means. After having so earnestly desired to quit England, and to remove far from you, why do I see Emma overwhelmed with grief? Why does she turn pale on hearing your name mentioned? Why are her eyes bathed in tears! — Oh! when you communicated your sentiments to her, did she inadvertently discover a regret? What induced her to oblige me to set out by myself, and to quit London six days before her? Had she written to you? — Vanish these black suspicions! — But alas! can my happiness ever be restored! Can peace ever dwell in a guilty heart!

Noble, generous Lindsey; my deliverer; my friend! You, whose equity is so well known to me; whose virtues I revere; be you the arbiter of my destiny: weigh all my titles, and estimate your own; judge my offence and pronounce the atonement: if you cannot pardon, come and punish me; if you cannot renounce Sir Edmund's daugh-

ter,

ter, come and force her from my arms. So long as the vital breath inſpires me, ſhe never can be yours; but when I am no more; if it be poſſible ſhe can ſurvive my loſs, and that a ſoul ſo ſenſible can ſupport a misfortune ſo long the ſubject of her fears; if that faithful heart can admit of any new impreſſion; may Lindſey wipe away her tears, be her conſolation, and be happy through her.—Oh no, may no other ever raiſe a tender ſentiment in her; dear Emma! canſt thou forget me?

You will find in London, at Norton's the banker, the twelve thouſand pounds you entruſted me with at Edinburgh. The trinkets and jewels, the gifts of your liberality, will be remitted to you by him, with the whole of the money you was ſo good to advance to the man, who would be bold to prove his gratitude at this inſtant, if his paſt conduct permitted him to mention it without aggravating the juſt reproaches of his heart.

Helena, who was left ill at London, and

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is expected here with all our effects, facilitates the means of prolonging my ſtay at this place without making Emma uneaſy at my deſigns. I repeat it, my Lord; if you think yourſelf inſulted; if my blood ſhed by your hands can alone blot out the injury, I will wait for you — But no, let us ſpare Emma; let us not heighten her fears: I can return to England, if you require it, and give you whatever ſatisfaction you demand.

Why does my heart reproach me! What emotion agitates, and fills me with inward trouble! Am I not deceived as to thoſe laws which honour ſeems to impoſe? Oh! perhaps I offend Lord Lindſey by ſuppoſing him capable to entertain a deſire of revenge, while his elevated ſoul, his gentle and ſenſible nature, may incline him to pity an unfortunate man, whom a tyrannical paſſion has forced to contract a guilt, which his own remorſe has already too ſeverely puniſhed. If, my Lord, it be poſſible for you not to deſpiſe me, and to forgive me for a fault ſo great, and ſo ſtrongly felt;

condescend to make me certain of it by a line from your hand. I will set out: I will return to my own country, there to enjoy that peace which you shall have restored to me: and if, having lost the remembrance of a passion, which time, distance, and all other circumstances do commonly extinguish, you should find yourself in a condition to look on us, one day, as friends penetrated with your goodness, and charmed with your virtues; be kind enough to let us know the happy tidings: we will leave all to settle near you, and to prove to you our zeal, our love, and our warm everlasting gratitude.

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Oh Monglas, how bitter is every fruitless regret! How dearly would I have purchased the opportunity of granting the pardon requested, and dismissing this unfortunate couple, with my wishes for their peace and happiness. But who can recal the past.

My

My whole thoughts were fixed on the diſconſolate widow of Maubray. They were together at Amſterdam! Great God, what a ſight had my cruel hand prepared for the eyes of Emma! At this idea, my heart was ſeized with a violent oppreſſion. To what a ſituation muſt this fatal event reduce her? Did ſhe lay her misfortune at my door, or know the wretch who cauſed her ſuch mortal pangs? Oh! had ſhe even thought to avenge her huſband, and purſue my life; yet ſtill I was determined not to abandon her, whoſe mourning and tears I had occaſioned. Compaſſion, honour, ſo many ſentiments which I no longer dared to avow; duty, juſtice, all urged me to fly to the aſſiſtance of Emma, diſconſolate, and plunged by myſelf into the crueleſt affliction.

Being reſolved to return that inſtant, I ordered every thing to be got ready for my departure. While my people were preparing to obey my orders, John came in, pale, trembling, diſſolved in tears, and entreated, nay conjured me not to ſet out for Amſterdam:

dam: ſorrow and deſpair await you in that place, ſaid he; Miſs Neſby *has now no need of your aſſiſtance: all the care and anxiety in the world would now avail her nothing.*

What an impreſſion did the words and tears of this affectionate ſervant make on my mind! So ſoon as I could draw my breath, I ordered him to explain himſelf: he heſitated, I inſiſted, at laſt he ſpoke—Oh, my friend, what a dreadful recital! Recollect the facts laid before you in the packet, whoſe peruſal took away the uſe of my ſenſes. That beautiful and unfortunate foreign Lady, the object of the generous compaſſion of Madam d'Auterive; was—Can I ſpeak it and my heart not break—was the daughter of Sir Edmund and my Ward; was the woman whoſe felicity had been entruſted to me, and whom friendſhip, love, and all my oaths had bound me to place in a happy ſituation.

On his arrival at the houſe whither I had ſent him, John learned the death of the wounded man, and the dangerous ſituation of

of the young lady, who had ſwooned away in the arms of ſeveral perſons who did their utmoſt to aſſiſt her. Forcing his way thro' the croud which ſurrounded her, he diſcovered with a ſurprize mixed with horror, the features of Miſs Neſby in the perſon who was called the wife of the ſtranger. Fearing to let his extreme emotion be perceived, he retired in haſte; but being deſirous to get farther intelligence before he came back to me, after ſome little time, he returned to the houſe, and finding nobody below ſtairs, went up. He was the man whom Madam d'Auterive ſpoke to; ſhe informed him of the deplórable end of an intereſting creature, whoſe death gave her the greateſt affliction. It was in the papers of that Lady that I found the mournful particulars of this lamented and premature death. With what redoubled grief did I read — Emma, dear Emma! What, thy fair Form lacerated! — Oh! let me turn my eyes aſide from this horrible image; unfortunate wife! unhappy mother! pardon, Oh pardon me! Have not eighteen years of regret,

of ſorrow and remorſe, ſufficiently expiated my crime, my involuntary crime?

A long and dangerous illneſs was the conſequence of the inexpreſſible grief with which my heart was overwhelmed. For ſeveral months my life was in danger. During my weak ſtate I wiſhed with a kind of eagerneſs Helena might be found out: ſhe ſeemed the only creature whoſe ſight and converſation could afford me any comfort. I wanted to ſettle her advantageouſly in England, or elſe ſend her back to Carolina, enriched by my generoſity. They pretended to make ſearch after her, in order to ſatisfy me, but Mrs. Howard informed me at laſt that the poor girl, who was left behind ſick at London, died ſix days after the departure of Emma, at the very time when they thought her recovered, ready to go and join her miſtreſs in Holland.

Time reſtored me to my ſtrength, but did not revive my ſpirits. A gloomy langour, and a black melancholy had juſt ſeized

ed me, and never after left me. I felt myſelf unable to reſume my former occupations, or to undertake any new. I no longer reliſhed any thing; I had no preference for any thing. In viewing every thing around me, I perceived nothing in nature, now dreary in my eyes, but one vaſt deſart, where I was about to wander for ever, without deſires, and without hopes: no more ſociety, no more amuſements, no more pleaſures! The image of Henry and Emma, both expiring, every moment drew tears from my eyes, and made me utter mournful groans. Their long paſſion, their union, and that happineſs which I had robbed them of, embittered their loſs! What, ſaid I to myſelf continually, have I deſtroyed the exiſtence of ſo happy a pair! But for my ill-fated paſſion; but for that cruel eagerneſs to find out Nelſon, and to diſcover ſome traces of Emma, I had not been a prey to heart-felt reproaches: In two days more I had received his letter; they would ſtill have lived; they would have loved me; I might have wept perhaps, but if love had forced me to ſhed tears, friendſhip would

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at leaſt have offered me matter of ſweet conſolation; I ſhould not have ſeen myſelf alone in the world; I ſhould not have ſaid to myſelf, every thing is over with me, nothing can affect me more.

As I could not poſſibly make my appearance at court; and as the town became inſupportable to me; I quitted England, travelled through France, viſited Germany, ſaw Italy once more, and went into the Levant, where we met. During the courſe of our travels, you ſaw me always in the ſame deep ſorrow. After a ſpace of ten years, being called back into my native country, by that habitual predilection which attaches us to the place of our nativity, and to the firſt objects which ſtrike our eyes, I yielded to the deſire of ſeeing Great Britain; but I could not find there that comfort which I expected. My neareſt relations were now dead, and my friends diſperſed. Almoſt a ſtranger amidſt my countrymen, I repented that I had left you. Your aſſuring me you would ſoon return to France, made me deſirous to fix my abode there;

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and the conveniency of a ready paſſage to England induced me to prefer the province wherein I now live: you long fruſtrated my expectation; but your letters kept up my hopes and gave them new life. Your return excited in my heart an emotion, of which I did not imagine I had been ſuſceptible. I ſaw you again with a ſenſible joy. You was aſtoniſhed at my retreat, without however blaming it, or perſuading me to renounce it: your generous friendſhip made you aſſiduous to find means to bring me back to the world, and to make my ſolitude as pleaſing as poſſible. You purchaſed Marzais; you made me promiſe to ſpend part of the year with you; my journey to London deprived me of that pleaſure, the firſt time you came thither with your charming Lady: how happy I [illegible]m myſelf for having complied with your deſire the beginning of this ſeaſon! Oh, my friend, by what chain of circumſtances and events, has the dear offspring of an adored woman met my ſight? Why was I not ſooner acquainted with the exiſtence of the charming daughter of Emma?

My

My God! what was my furprize and confufion when I perceived features ftill too prefent to my idea! I faw in Mademoifelle de Valiere, the image of Henry Maubray, embellifhed with the air and graces of my charming Ward. With what various emotions did I find myfelf affected! All my regret was awakened, a thoufand confufed fentiments both removed me from and attached me to your young friend; but when fhe fpoke; Oh, what a tone of voice, how it pierced my heart: I thought I heard the accents of Mifs Nefby! A warm concern made me wifh to know the condition, country, and fortune of that amiable girl: I preffed, and even importuned you to unveil the myftery with which you affected to cover every thing that regarded her. But you was miftaken in the object of fo eager a curiofity. Oh! it is not love; it is not an heart depreffed by long grief, whofe homage I prefume to offer Mademoifelle de Valiere: it is a paternal affection, and an ardent defire to atone for misfortunes occafioned by myfelf which revives my dejected foul. Oh Mongles, Oh my friend, do

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not suffer me to be viewed in the light of a cruel murderer: protect, defend, justify me. Speak of my repentance; join your prayers to mine; ask and obtain my pardon. I expect from your friendship all the consolation of the remaining part of my life. Yes, the felicity of Emma's daughter is sufficient to restore me that peace, that tranquillity lost so many years since; and if she consent to be indebted to me for her happiness, I may still see days of comfort.

Oh you, whom I have robbed of your natural protectors; of the rights of your birth; of your name, and of your fortune, reject not the warm attachment of a man whose innocent intentions are well known to you. Let us weep together our common loss; let us unite to regret Henry, to lament Emma, to preserve, and to honour the memory of your incomparable mother. Dear Sophia, deign to accept the reparation due to you on so many accounts; deign to take my name; deign to accept my fortune; be to me a daughter, and a happy wife, to the man who loves and is

 worthy

worthy of you. Ceafe to afflict him by your generous refufal. Indulge your own fentiments; nor pride, nor intereft fhall any longer oppofe his vows, his felicity. That ambitious mother, whofe favour you refufed to make him forfeit, will be glad to give her fon to the heirefs of an immenfe fortune. I once fet a higher value on it when I intended it for Mifs Nefby, and confidered it as a means to make her happy: but fince her lofs, fo many rich poffeffions have not been able to procure me one inftant of happinefs; accept them yourfelf, and from that moment I fhall begin to enjoy them. You will not owe me any thing; you will hold nothing from my bounty; it is the fortune, it is the inheritance of your mother, the property of which I will fecure to you. Oh! do not hefitate to comply with my defires; give your confent to call him father, who is this inftant going to leave you, in order to take upon him the tendereft care which belongs to that name, and to unite, in everlafting bonds of love, the charming Sophia to her moft fenfible and amiable admirer.

Anfwer

Anſwer of Mademoiſelle de Canteleu to Madame de Moꞏglas, on her returning the Packet of Lord Lindſey.

I Readily complied with your commands, Madam, in writing to Mademoiſelle de Valiere. I am glad I think as you do on this occaſion, ſo important to her happineſs. But I confeſs with regret, that tho' I poſſeſs a conſiderable ſhare of influence over her heart, I am far from having the ſame aſcendant over her underſtanding. If you knew, Madam, what a terrible ſacrifice ſhe is now meditating; the condition of life ſhe deſtines herſelf for; the cruel firmneſs with which ſhe oppoſes my warmeſt remonſtrances, my wiſhes, my intreaties; and were you to know the whole extent of my friendſhip for her, you would not entertain the ſmalleſt doubt of my extreme deſire to perſuade her.

I never have taken offence at her rejecting my advice: a perſon ſo conſide-

rate as ſhe is, could not be expected to ſubmit her conduct to my ſmall experience; nor have I been able to inſpire her with that confidence which determines us to follow, without heſitation, the counſels of friendſhip; but can ſhe deny this confidence to Monſ. de Monglas? It is from him, it is from yourſelf, Madam, that I look for a happineſs ſo ardently wiſhed for, as the certainty of ſpending part of my days with the amiable companion of my childhood, and of the happieſt years of my life.

The heart of Sophia will doubtleſs melt with grief at the fate of her unfortunate parents; but what ſhould raiſe her anger againſt my Lord Lindſey; what blame has he deſerved? Was he the enemy of Henry, or did he deſire his deſtruction, he who ſtill deplores his misfortune, in not being able to ſave a madman from his own fury? In this long and mournful ſtory, his Lordſhip is the only object which intereſts me; and if chance ſeem to have directed the events in it, our own reflection muſt lead us to con-

clude that they were originally brought about by the ingratitude of the ſufferers.

How could they who owed him ſo much eſteem, ſo much gratitude, preſume to doubt, one moment, the nobleneſs and generoſity of his ſoul? How could Miſs Neſby remain ſilent? Why did ſhe not acquaint her guardian with the reaſons of the ſtrange conduct of her father? Why did ſhe not deſtroy his growing hopes, by the avowal of her engagements to young Maubray? In placing her under the protection of his friend, did Sir Edmund leave his daughter ignorant of his deſigns with regard to her and him? On a ſuppoſition that he did, could ſhe help diſcovering the lover in the eager aſſiduities of my Lord? And how could the paſſionate, the impetuous Henry, preſerve, amidſt his tranſports, ſo long a command over himſelf? Why, on his quitting Edinburgh, when he preſſed his benefactor in his arms, and bathed him with his tears, did he not own his paſſion and marriage? Oh, Madam! could he be withheld by a promiſe, by an oath, which nei-

ther honour, nor friendſhip, nor gratitude ought to have allowed him to take. Every act of diſſimulation is an act of perfidy. I feel my heart riſe againſt that fiery, capricious man; and I bleſs heaven that my charming friend has not been brought up, nor educated under the eye of that violent, impetuous father. Would he have inſpired her with thoſe mild, amiable, and attractive virtues for which ſhe ſtands indebted to Madam d'Auterive, whoſe active affection, and whoſe vigilant attention, did implant in the heart of Sophia, all thoſe qualities with which herſelf was adorned.

Forgive me, Madam, if I do not mention to you the name of this lover of Mademoiſelle de Valiere, with whom his Lordſhip intends to unite her. She has more than once reproached herſelf with her timidity, the only cauſe of her ſtrict ſilence in regard to her ſentiments. The diſcovery of this ſecret will redouble your eſteem for her. But I leave it to herſelf to unveil this myſtery to you.

I join

I join my wishes with those of Monf. de Monglas, with yours, Madam, and with those of Lord Lindfey; and hope that the mild, the fweet-tempered Sophia, will never deceive the expectation of fo many hearts interefted in her glory and felicity.

Letter from Lord Lindfey to Monfieur de Monglas.

I Eafily conceive your perplexity, and the furprize which my expreffions have excited in Madam de Monglas. You were both ignorant of the attachment of the Marquis de Germeuil for Mademoifelle de Valiere, and of the generous difintereftednefs which, ever fince the death of Madam d'Auterive, has made your friend prefer a ftate of dependence and poverty to the brilliant fphere to which love had offered to raife her.

On obferving this young Lady, I never doubted but that fome tender inclination, unfavoured by fortune, was the caufe of the fad

ſad penſiveneſs in which I often ſurprized her. What concern did this idea give me for her! How often have I wiſhed it were in my power to diffuſe joy and ſatisfaction over her animated and charming features! How I love the Marquis de Germeuil! He will make Sophia happy, and it will be my happineſs to behold her ſo.

As I had been long conſidered in my neighbourhood as an unſociable inacceſſible man, I learned with ſurpriſe, that the Marquis de Germeuil had called at my houſe. As he could not be admitted he wrote to me. An affair of the greateſt importance obliged him, he ſaid, to inſiſt on being admitted to my preſence, and to have the favour of ſome private diſcourſe with me. I conſented to receive the honour of a viſit he ſeemed ſo bent on. Oh, Monglas! why did I not find in the huſband of Miſs Neſby, that ſincerity and candour which diſtinguiſh the amiable and paſſionate lover of her daughter. An angry purpoſe might probably draw him to the houſe of the man whom he conſidered as his

his rival. But his noble candour ſoon called forth mine; our hearts mutually opened, and our confidence was reciprocal; I welcomed, I embraced the man who before had feared to find in me the raviſher of his greateſt happineſs.

Oh! how the conduct and ſentiments of Mademoiſelle de Valiere redouble my admiration and regard. So young; ſuch ſenſibility; and yet to preſerve ſo much prudence! How many proofs of a moſt refined love in her letters; in the innocent yet ſtrong aſſurances of her friendſhip, and in her advice to Monſ. de Germeuil? What generoſity in her refuſal; what a greatneſs of ſoul in all her motives! who ever was more worthy the good fortune which love and friendſhip are preparing to load her with?

As I was now become the Marquis's friend, I readily complied with all his deſires. The moment after I ſent you my laſt packet, I ſet out with him in order to diſpoſe his mother to complete his wiſhes. You will ſee by the letter of the Counteſs de Ger-

meuil to Mademoiselle de Valiere, how much the heart of that Lady is changed in favour of *the orphan brought up by Madam d'Auterive.*

It is not this orphan, my friend, it is not the daughter of Maubray, whose condition would at present be so difficult to authenticate, and whose fortune has doubtless passed into the hands of strangers, whom I have proposed to Madam de Germeuil, to be the wife of her son: it is my own adopted daughter; it is Sophia Lindsey, who will soon be acknowledged in England under that name; it is the heiress to my fortune whom a mother, jealous of the grandeur of her house, receives from my hand, and consents to name the Marchioness de Germeuil.

Is Sophia acquainted with my misfortunes? Is she moved with them? Does she forgive me; can she bear to see me; can she love me? I expect your answer impatiently. If her decision be favourable to me, inform me of it with speed: all our

measures

meafures are already taken. If Madam de Monglas will be fo good to invite the Countefs de Germeuil and her fon to pay her a vifit, the inftant when my meffenger returns from Malzais, we will all three fet out for that place. It is your bufinefs to fettle the articles which muft fecure the fortune of your *Ward*.

Monf. de Germeuil could not let the opportunity of this meffenger pafs without writing to Mademoifelle de Valiere. He fears he has offended her; he reproaches himfelf with his unjuft fufpicions, and yet more unjuft complaints. He defires his letter may be delivered to her after that of his mother's. Take care of all our interefts, my dear Monglas, and be fo good to acquaint me by the firft opportunity, with the fuccefs of your endeavours.

LETTER XLIV.

Sophia de Valiere to Hortenſia de Canteleu.

WHAT various emotions has my heart experienced in the ſpace of a few days! Oh, my dear, a thouſand different ſentiments perplex me; amidſt what confuſion of ideas do I anſwer your ſtrange, your vehement letter. Is it a dream? Or is it a reality! Or do my ſenſes deceive me! Am I known! Am I the daughter of Henry Maubray and Miſs Nerby! Am I deſcended from a noble family! Does my birth no longer keep me at a diſtance from that generous friend who vouchſafed to chooſe me in my humiliation, and reſpect me in my wretched ſtate! Can I lift up my eyes, look round me with confidence, and no longer count myſelf among the number of thoſe innocent and unfortunate victims of the moſt barbarous of all prejudices?

Oh my tender friend! How can I avoid dwelling with emotion on thoſe *parti-*

culars which you promised to communicate to me? Can I refuse the tribute of my tears to an unfortunate pair, at whose lot you seem so little moved? Oh good God, it is my father and mother whom you seem to forbid me to mourn: what! shall I not bewail their hard fate? Monf. de Monglas, the Marchioness, even you yourself assure me that I ought not to impute it to Lord Lindsey: you ask me, *what judge would dare to condemn him?* Oh, I accuse him not: never shall I open my mouth to awaken his sufferings by my complaints: no, I will not add to the bitterness of the reproaches of his heart. I pity my Lord, I am far from disputing the truth of the facts which you lay before me. After being *attacked, and forced to stand on his defence, his goodness would yet have spared*—He would have spared his life, Hortensia, and yet—But *his long repentance, his virtues, his kind intentions*—My dear, his friendship for me melts me, overpowers me: the daughter of Miss Nesby *may be allowed to mingle her tears with those of Lord Lindsey*; to call him *her friend, her father*; but does the daughter of Henry

Maubray

Maubray owe nothing to his memory? Shall ſhe become the adopted child of the man who pierced his heart? Oh! I do not *obſtinately inſiſt on being guided by own underſtanding*; it is not my intention *to reject for ever the counſels of friendſhip.* I have told you many times, I am not of an *untractable* diſpoſition, of an *inflexible* temper. At a time when my conduct intereſted none but myſelf, I might be allowed to follow my *own ſuggeſtions*, and determine by *my own principles.* My ſituation is now no longer the ſame: perſons of the greateſt benevolence are intereſted in my determination, and the happineſs of my kind protectors ſeems to depend on my compliance: they wiſh for my Lord's tranquillity; they ardently deſire my felicity. What an attractive proſpect theſe words open to me: *be to me a daughter, and the happy wife of the man who admires you.*—And perhaps they carry too great a weight againſt other conſiderations.—They bring me a letter—Good God! it comes, yes indeed it does, from Madame de Germeuil! With what ſurpriſe, what emotion did I peruſe this letter: you ſhall judge,

my

my dear, by this copy of it, which I ſend you incloſed.

The Counteſs de Germeuil to Mademoiſelle de Valiere.

IT is with great confuſion and regret, my dear Sophia, that I acknowledge my cruel behaviour to you. My complaiſance for a family violently irritated againſt you, ſuſpended the effects of my friendſhip. Their vexation at ſeeing themſelves ſo long deceived by my aunt, and a jealouſy, which the diſcovery of your ſituation ought to have extinguiſhed, drew upon you the hatred of all Madam d'Auterive's relations. I was ſo unpardonably weak as to yield to their intreaties, and to abandon you, at a time when your condition called for the moſt immediate aſſiſtance, and the tendereſt conſolation. Nothing can excuſe that cruel uſage: and if my ſon did not aſſure me that the noble heart of his conſtant friend is incapable of hating the niece of Madam d'Auterive, and the mother of the Marquis de Germeuil, I ſhould not have preſumed to

flatter

flatter myself with ever seeing those sentiments revive which formerly attached you to me.

Can you forget, my dear child, such provoking insensibility? Can you condescend to accept the title of my daughter? With what joy am I preparing to bestow it on you, and to embrace a woman who has at her disposal the happiness of a son, the object of my love, of my indulgence, of my vanity, and of every flattering sensation of my heart. What! for more than a twelvemonth have you made a voluntary sacrifice of yourself to his fortune and glory? Could you remonstrate to him with such energy and disinterestedness the duty he owed to his mother; to his mother who abandoned you! Charming girl! How has the humble state into which you appeared to have fallen, given a lustre to all your great and noble virtues: without this trial the world would have remained ignorant of some of your brightest qualities. The heirs of Madam d'Auterive must for ever blush for having reduced you to it. And you, my lovely daughter, you must

pardon

pardon us: it is a debt you owe to the superiority of your character.

※

I! forgive? And what, pray, should I forgive? What rights have I been deprived of; what obligations did the relations of Madam d'Auterive lie under to me? Oh! whatever has any connection with her is still dear to me. What! shall I see myself once more surrounded by my former friends? Feel myself *pressed in the arms* of Madam de Germeuil; hear her call me *daughter*——Indeed, my dear Hortensia, I have need to calm my senses; I can scarce fetch my breath——Can joy be harder to bear than grief? Does it make us shed tears? Oh! whence proceeds this kind of weight that lies upon my heart.

Lord Lindsey's messenger, they tell me, waits my answer before he returns? Am I in a condition to think, or reflect? Oh my affectionate, dear friends, do you yourselves answer for me: let Monf. de Monglas pronounce

nounce for me; I submit my fate to his decision.

Madam de Monglas to Mademoiselle de Canteleu.

I HAVE received your letters, Mademoiselle, as well as those of the Marquis de Melville. I congratulate you on the happy event which you are both pleased to acquaint us with. I make no doubt of the satisfaction your friend would have had in assisting at this brilliant festival; but we are to set out the very day of your marriage, in order to escort Sophia de Valiere to London, where she is take the name of Sophia Lindsey: a necessary preparation to qualify her for assuming that of the Marchioness de Germeuil. I have not yet delivered your letter to her; I take this first opportunity to let you know so much, from an apprehension lest her silence might alarm you.

Her moving interview with Lord Lindsey; the arrival of Madam de Germeuil; the presence of her son; a change of situation so

great; ſuch affecting eclairiſſements; the careſſes of the Counteſs; the raptures of the young Marquis, have ſo ſenſibly touched the ſoul of the feeling Sophia, that her health ſeems ſomewhat impaired by it. Were ſhe to write to you at preſent, the particulars ſhe muſt enter into might poſſibly add to that kind of trouble and emotion, the effects of which are juſtly apprehended.

I did not imagine that joy was ever expreſſed by tears, by ſighs, and by a kind of grief. Indeed theſe two lovers aſtoniſh me. I am but little acquainted with love; my ideas are exceedingly confined with regard to the emotions it produces; but if theſe emotions are ſtronger than thoſe of friendſhip, they muſt be too ſtrong, and muſt needs occaſion painful ſenſations. When I conſider theſe *two lovers*, who are here called the *happy couple*, I perſuade myſelf with ſome degree of pleaſure, that the ſweet compoſure of my ſoul is preferable to a ſentiment, whoſe ſo much boaſted delights can produce the ſame effects as grief.

*

It has been thought proper to suppress several letters written from London to the new Marchioness de Melville. Circumstances very interesting in the eyes of a friend, often tire the attention of an indifferent person. After having been acknowledged as the daughter and heiress to Lord Lindsey, Sophia was married to the Marquis de Germeuil in the chapel of the French ambassador. After the ceremony, she went, accompanied by all her friends, to a seat of that Lord's, adjoining to Windsor forest. She paints in a very natural manner, and even with some gayety, the great and noisy joy occasioned by the return of my Lord; the day, she terms a day of confusion and merriment, was spent in amusing and splendid entertainments of every kind.

In another letter she expatiates on his Lordship's goodness. His attentive benevolence has not been interrupted by his absence. At all times his liberality and his provident care maintain affluence on every part of his estate. He is loved and respected

ed by all his tenants; his preſence fills them with joy, and every Being which has any dependence on him, is happy through him.

Being ready to return to France, ſhe writes word of it to Madam de Belville, and acquaints her with an adventure as agreeable as unexpected, which ſhe met with at London. A lady, who refuſed to ſend in her name, preſented herſelf at her houſe, and inſiſted on ſeeing her and ſpeaking to her. As ſhe was entering her cloſet, the young Marchioneſs knew her, flew to her, and they embraced an hundred times, while neither was able to aſk the other what chance had brought them together.

This Lady was Cecily, whoſe protection contributed ſo much to ſoften the vexations of Mademoiſelle de Valiere, during her ſtay at the Hotel de Terville. The pleaſure of finding themſelves both in a happy ſituation, added to the ſatisfaction they felt in meeting.

Cecily, the daughter of an Irish gentleman, who died in the French service, being left an orphan very young, and bred up in the seminary of the New Converted; destitute of fortune, and without all hopes of any, at the age of seventeen, was preparing to embrace a monastic life. A lady of great piety was pleased to supply her with the means of taking the veil; but love broke the measures of the young *novice*, by presenting to her view the eldest son of a rich merchant in London, about nineteen. He was just come to Paris, where he had ended his travels, his governor being lately dead: he was on the point of departing when he saw Cecily. He conceived a very violent passion for her, and at the same time inspired her with the tenderest sentiments. He persuaded her to quit the convent; she consented, left it, and they married: for six months this amiable couple tasted all the delights of an union which love had cemented.

Insensibly their happiness declined. Mr. Belton, the father of Cecily's husband,

 being

being provoked at his ſon's ſtay at Paris, ſent him preſſing orders for his return, and ſoon after deprived him of the means of ſubſiſting there. Being forced to go back to England, Charles Belton conducted his diſconſolate wife to the abbey of Panthemon, where Madam de Monglas ſtill was. They wept bitterly. The tender huſband could hardly conſent to part from his charming wife: he paid ſix months board for her, and ſwore to her to return before that time was elapſed, and never to quit her more. On his landing at Dover, he renewed his promiſe in a moſt affectionate letter, wherein he expreſſed at once his grief to leave her, and his ardent deſire to return to her. But ſhe waited in vain for a letter, and her huſband's direction at London, never hearing any more from him.

For ſome time ſhe concluded he was ill; ſhe grew uneaſy, afflicted herſelf, wept, and became diſconſolate: but time and reflection at length perſuaded her that ſhe

had been the victim of her love and credulity.

She found she was betrayed, abandoned, without resource or hope, delivered over to indigence, sorrow, and bitter regret. In so cruel a situation her strength of mind, and the happy singularity of her temper, preserved her from the effects of despair. Far from reproaching herself with her too easy belief, she cast the shame of his leaving her on the perfidious wretch who presumed to deceive her, and meanly abuse her confidence and her sensibility. She despised him, and retained all that self-esteem which candour and goodness have a right to indulge. She detested the author of her sorrows, and soothed them without adding any mixture of regret for her loss to the hatred she conceived for him and all his sex.

Madamde Terville saw her in the parlour with her niece, and made her an offer of taking her home with her: Cecily accepted it, after insisting on the promise of the countess, that no body should be made acquainted

quainted with her sad adventure. The secret was kept, and no one in the hotel knew either her story or her name.

In the mean while, this husband, who was become the object of her aversion, and disdain, retained the tenderest remembrance of her, and lamented his involuntary absence. Before he quitted Paris, his father had learned with great indignation, the motives of his obstinately remaining in France. The very day of his arrival in London he conducted him to Plymouth, where he put him on board a ship commanded by a relation, and ready to sail for Jamaica. This relation had it in charge to have a watchful eye over the conduct of young Charles: in vain did he write to Cecily; none of his letters were ever put on board; so that for three years he believed himself forgotten by her, as on the other hand, she thought herself abandoned by him.

His father's death at last restored him to liberty. He quickly repaired to England, returned to France, and sought out his charming

ing wife. His return taught the haughty Cecily, that hatred, when produced by offended love, is not that gloomy, that cruel ſentiment, whoſe unrelenting conſtancy nothing can alter. At the ſight of Charles Belton, her heart reſumed its former tenderneſs. She received him with open arms; tears of affection fell from her eyes; in a few moments joy chaſed away her long uneaſineſs, and both experienced the incomprehenſible delight attendant on true love: a delight ſo ſtrong, that its power in an inſtant effaces all the evils we complained of, and even the remembrance of having ever felt them.

THE END.

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